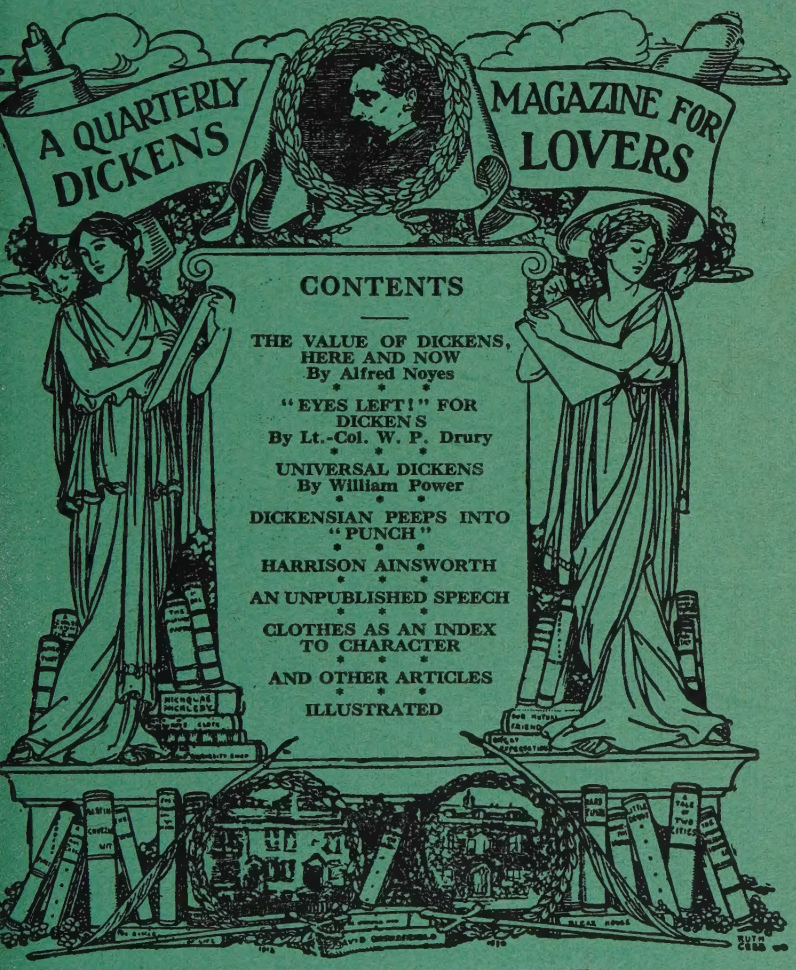
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

OL. XXXV. SUMMER NUMBER, 1939 No. 251

Published 1st June

THE DICKENSIAN



CONTENTS

THE VALUE OF DICKENS, HERE AND NOW
By Alfred Noyes

"EYES LEFT!" FOR DICKENS
By Lt.-Col. W. P. Drury

UNIVERSAL DICKENS
By William Power

DICKENSIAN PEEPS INTO "PUNCH"

HARRISON AINSWORTH

AN UNPUBLISHED SPEECH

CLOTHES AS AN INDEX TO CHARACTER

AND OTHER ARTICLES

ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT
THE DICKENS HOUSE,
48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING
Postage One Penny

Hitherto 18/-

Now available at only 4/6

RALPH STRAUS' *famous*

A PORTRAIT OF DICKENS

The best of all modern biographies of Dickens

No. 4 in the Aldine Library, published by Dents

MAGGS BROTHERS, LTD.

Booksellers by Appointment to
His late Majesty King George V.

NEW ADDRESS

50 BERKELEY SQUARE,
LONDON, W.1

SPECIALITY.

First Editions—Presentation Copies, MSS., Autograph Letters, etc., of Celebrated Authors of the XIXth Century, including DICKENS, THACKERAY, TENNYSON, BROWNING, STEVENSON, KIPLING, and Other Great Writers.

Also Coloured Plate Books and Books illustrated by famous Artists.

Items of Rarity and Interest Always Gladly Purchased.

At PARIS:

MAGGS BROS., 93 & 95, rue La Boëtie, 8e.

(Kindly mention "The Dickensian" when replying to advertisers)

DICKENS FESTIVAL
1939
AT
BROADSTAIRS, KENT

The above town is holding another Festival this year from July 20th to 22nd, and invites all Dickensians to come.

The Programme will include :

A PLAY

Specially adapted from

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"

BY

Miss GLADYS WATERER

To be performed each evening in the grounds of PIERREMONT HALL

(Previous Plays—"Pickwick Papers" and "David Copperfield.")

A Fashion Parade.

A Dickensian Cricket Match.

Concluding with a Grand Al fresco Evening and Firework Display.

Any enquiry regarding accommodation, travel by road or rail, etc., to be addressed to

THE HON. ORGANIZER,
78 HIGH STREET,
BROADSTAIRS, KENT,

where it will receive immediate attention.

WALTER T. SPENCER

(M. E. SPENCER)

27 New Oxford Street,

ESTABLISHED 1884. **London, W.C.1**

Cable and Telegraphic Address: "PHIZ, WESTCENT, LONDON."

Telephone: HOLBORN 3936

First Editions of the Works of Charles Dickens, including Presentation Copies; also Manuscripts, Autograph Letters for Sale

SKETCHES AND PLAYS

Adapted by J. COOPER SANDS.

The following is a List of Sketches and Plays adapted from Dickens which can be obtained from The Dickens House. Sketches 6d. each, Plays 1/- each.

SKETCHES

No.

1. The Gentleman next Door (Nicholas Nickleby). 3 Men and 2 Women.
2. Gabriel Varden's Household. 1 Man and 3 Women.
3. Domestic Bliss in the Varden's Household. 2 Men and 2 Women.
4. Mark Tapley's Farewell and Return. 2 or 3 Men and 1 Woman.
5. The Stranger's Visit (Barnaby Rudge). 2 Men and 1 Woman.
6. David Copperfield arrives at Dover. 2 Men, 3 Women, and 3 Boys.
7. Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks. 2 Men, 2 Women, and 10 Living Figures.
8. The Flight of Em'ly. 3 Men and 2 Women.
9. A Night Adventure (Old Curiosity Shop). 7 Men and 3 Women.
10. The Death of Quilp. 4 Men and 2 Women.
11. Two Scenes from A Tale of Two Cities. (The Jackal) (The Fellow of no Delicacy). 2 Men and 1 Woman.
12. Scenes from Edwin Drood (Rosa seeks her Guardian) (Mrs. Billickin of Bloomsbury Square). 2 Men and 3 Women.
13. David Copperfield's Dinner Party. 4 Men and 2 Women.
14. David and Steerforth visit Peggotty. 4 Men and 3 Women.
15. Dingley Dell. A Christmas Entertainment.
16. Bob Sawyer entertains Company. 5 Men and 2 Women.

PLAYS

"THE BATTLE OF LIFE," "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT," "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP," "DOMBEY AND SON."

VOL. XXXV. SUMMER 1939 No. 251

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

Heart to Heart.

Dear Reader, this is *your* magazine, for more than ninety per cent. of my readers are members of the society which owns and publishes it; and I want this to be a real heart-to-heart talk. As you may have noticed, although in the kindness of your hearts you have uttered no complaints, I have recently reduced the size of the magazine by eight pages; it is, nevertheless, eight pages larger than it was when I took over the editorship fifteen years ago. This reduction, caused by a long overdue increase in the cost of printing, would not have been necessary if the magazine had received the proper amount of support from the members of the Dickens Fellowship for whose special benefit it is produced. I am proud of the fact that the circulation to-day (3,250 copies) is almost double what it was fourteen years ago, *but* it is less by some five hundred copies during the past four or five years due to the prevailing hard time, and the terrible "slump" in America and Canada, countries which have always been our best supporters. Had the circulation been maintained the decrease in size might not have been so imperative as it was found to be, if the same good financial benefits to the Fellowship were to be maintained.

* * * * *

What You can Do.

Now I want you to see what you can do, not only to get the circulation back to 3,750 copies, but to increase it still further to at least five thousand. It should not be difficult among the seventy-five branches to find twenty new subscribers in each. Its cost to individuals is only one shilling a number; for intrinsic value as paper and print it is surely worth that; to branches who include a copy of their magazine in the member's subscription, the charge made to them is only sevenpence halfpenny a copy, and at that price the magazine is run at a loss unless we sell

more copies than we do at present. I do not wish to revert to th old magazine of sixty-four pages; that was not good value—agai intrinsically speaking—for the money. It is therefore up to you t effect the remedy, and so help me to keep your magazine at the presen level and recompense my valued (and unpaid) contributors, to sa nothing of myself—also unpaid—for the time and thought they expen for your entertainment. You like the magazine, I am sure; you continued support of it is the best proof; and I receive hundreds o letters saying how pleased you are with each successive number. Yo think it a remarkable magazine to go on quarter after quarter givin you new and interesting articles about all phases of Dickens and hi works? Well, will you please see that your fellow members also becon annual subscribers. Please enquire at the next meeting of your branc how many of the members are subscribers to the magazine, payin readers, that is. You may be greatly surprised to find the number to b exceedingly small, for there are some branches where not a sing copy circulates, and many in which the circulation is a paltry three o four. We have exact figures of the places where the magazin circulates; a very small number indeed are sold to unknown reade through the ordinary trade channels. It is almost unbelievable tha in certain branches your own magazine should have such little support but it is the truth, unpalatable as it is for me to print it. Indeed, th position may be regarded as Pickwickian!

* * * * *

Compliment and Complaint. As I have said, I receive many very complimentar letters. I believe, therefore, that the general conten of the magazine meet with your approval. I canno remember receiving more than one complaining lette and that was a couple of months ago; unfortunately it was anonymou which was a pity, as I should have liked to reply personally to th writer, who was, in a way, pleased with the magazine, but did n approve of my printing articles which pointed out defects in Dickens works. Moreover he (or she) would prefer articles on Dickens's chara ters rather than the characters of Dickens's friends, and wanted long extracts from Dickens's own works than those contained in the o pages of snippets printed from time to time. This view was interesti and helpful to a certain extent, and I could have explained my vie fully had the writer sent his, or her, name and address.

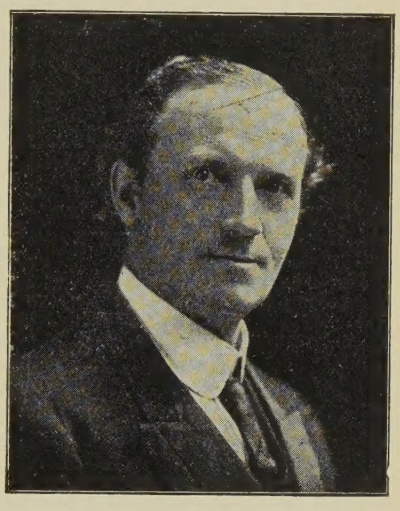
* * * * *

"Here's Mysteries." W.C.B., in a recent article in the "Birmingham Post entitled "Mysteries in Dickens" has interested considerably with details of many little unsolv mysteries in the novels* and rightly points out one of the weakness of Dickens's method of writing for publication in monthly parts. It strange to find this usually well-informed writer saying with respe to the greatest mystery of all: "Was he, when he died, still wonderi how he was going to clear everything up? Had he lived, would have torn up the unfinished book in despair?"

* See page 186.

Mr. William Miles.

With the passing of Mr. William Miles at the age of seventy-eight the Dickens Fellowship loses a valued friend, and the English world one of the finest elocu-ionists. He gave his recitals regularly in this country and made more han one tour to Canada, the United States, and Denmark—where he had the interesting ex-perience of reciting "Hamlet" o an audience at Elsinore. His ervices were always ungrudg-ngly placed at the disposal of he Fellowship, of which he was Vice-President, and he was ccordingly most helpful in as-isting in the foundation of ranches in the early days of ur existence. In many sub-equent years he generously rovided the Birthday Recital rranged in London for the enefit of some Dickensian char-ty, but his most notable achieve-ent was during the war, when y means of recitals at various ranches he handsomely en-iched the Dickens Books for the lind Fund. Mr. Miles became Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1900, and in his native own of Bradford (Yorks.) he held the remarkable record of no less than fty annual recitals. In 1932 he was entertained to dinner by the ouncil of the Fellowship and presented with a Loving Cup as a token f the true affection of his many friends of long standing. A real ickensian, a lovable fellow. A delightful memory will ever remain ith us.



Mr. William Miles

* * * * *

he Book r 1939-40.

The Old Curiosity Shop is the book chosen by the Conference for particular study during the coming season. Will Branch Secretaries kindly note and range their meetings accordingly?

* * * * *

escendants the ickens rcle.

By a regrettable oversight a serious omission occurred in the list of the distinguished guests at the Birthday Dinner in London on 7th February last. It concerns Miss Florence Dickens and her sister, Mrs. Colls, daughters of Dickens's brother, Alfred Lamert; they alone among l present could claim to have been kissed and fondled by Charles ickens. In spite of advancing years they are regular attendants at r various celebrations, and we wish them many more years of happy e in which to pay tribute to their famous uncle.

Re-discovery. Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, writing recently in "John O'London's Weekly," confessed that while she delighted in Dickens during her childhood, she had in later years only re-read *David Copperfield* and *Great Expectations*. Mentioning this to Mr. Maurice Baring, "that most catholic and discriminating of book tasters," he confirmed his enjoyment of Dickens in childhood, and added that in 1918, almost accidentally, he re-discovered Dickens "since when he has read and re-read him, and he now gives him first place among the giants, and thanks Fate for his narrow escape from missing one of his greatest literary experiences." "And so," adds Lady Violet, "I say to myself and others, try again!"

* * * * *

Dickens for Shakespeare. Shakespeare quotations failed Mr. Bridges-Adams in his broadcast address on 4th April, on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, for he concluded it with one from Dickens!

* * * * *

Not the last. We are pleased to have a correction from Mr. Gerald Wade, of Winnipeg, to our note in the last issue. It is not to be the last time he is to read *A Christmas Carol* to Canadian audiences. His decision as to a final reading referred only to the Branch; they have heard it from him sufficiently often enough, he says.

* * * * *

Plays from Dickens. A suggestion has been made that each number of *The Dickensian* should contain a short dramatisation of some scene in the novels. We are sorry we cannot see our way to accept this suggestion at the present time. To those who do not wish to make their own short plays from the generous material so easy to hand in the novels, we recommended the excellent adaptations by Mr. Cooper Sands, of the Nottingham Branch, full details of which will be found in our advertisement pages. These plays have the advantage that they have all been actually produced by Mr. Sands.

* * * * *

Costumes. The Dickens Fellowship now possesses over three hundred authentic character costumes, which are available for branches for a small fee. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Cooper Sands, a full and complete catalogue has been printed and can be obtained on application to the Assistant Secretary at The Dickens House.

* * * * *

"News" in Germany. In October last the Dickens Fellowship in London had a very interesting evening devoted to the trial of certain Dickens "Criminals." The idea was a novel one and attracted a deal of attention in the press both before and after the event; we have seen press cuttings on the subject from France, Australia and New Zealand. The most curious of all comes from Hamburg, where it has doubtless been held up for some months while the powers that be decide that Dickens, although sympathetic to Ria

may safely be referred to in the press ; and so it is that the " Hamburger Fremdenblatt " of 5th March, 1939, contains an account of the trial " to be held," the result of which " the English public are awaiting with much tension " !

* * * * *

The Creator of " Boz." The " Chicago Daily Tribune " has lately provided some definite information regarding the date of the death of Dickens's youngest brother Augustus, who, it will be remembered, coined the name of " Boz " which his eldest brother took as his pen-name for his first pieces of fiction. Augustus Dickens was buried in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, on 6th October, 1866. One of his daughters is still living in Rockland, Mass. Bertram, the eldest son, left behind him a memorandum to the effect that after the death of his father, his Uncle Charles regularly remitted to him, through his guardian, the sum of £50 per annum. This is a further example of the great help given by Dickens to the various members of his family who were in need, and they appear to have been many !

* * * * *

Mr. J. W. T. Ley. Our heartiest congratulations are accorded to Mr. J. W. T. Ley, on the honour conferred on him this Easter, in his native city of Bristol, by his election as President of the National Union of Journalists, the largest organisation of its kind in the world. He started his career on the " Bristol Mercury," came to London in 1904, and for the next five years was Hon. Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship. He left London in 1909 to rejoin his old paper, and is now the Newport representative of the " Western Mail." He has maintained his connection with *The Dickensian* from the very first day of its inception—he was one of the original founders—and apart from his journalistic activities, he has a world-wide fame as an authority on Dickens, as his " Dickens Circle " (1918) and his " Annotated Forster " (1928), to say nothing of his many contributions to these pages, fully testify.

* * * * *

The Dickens Tradition. More than one correspondent has written to me lately deploring the fact that—to quote one of them—" current literature is a dreary waste of family chronicles, proletarian novels, psychological studies and morbid examinations of sex reactions. Why are there not more novels in the Dickens tradition ? " Well, the answer is that we have no Dickens to write them ; yet we have many very good novels, apart from the class to which my correspondent refers ; the sort of novel Dickens himself might write if he were alive to-day. I call to mind at the moment four—" West Riding," " The Citadel," " Dr. Bradley Remembers," and " Rebecca." All treat their subjects with sincerity ; the characters are finely drawn, and some were undoubtedly written with a purpose. I shall be pleased to supplement this list from time to time if readers will kindly supply me with titles of recent novels which have appealed to them as being n the Dickens tradition.

WALTER DEXTER.

WHERE FOUND?

Drawn by] [*E. F. Payne*

1. Walworth sentiments.
2. The Golden Dustman.
3. The Prentice Knights.
4. Spontaneous combustion.
5. The five sisters of York.
6. The man from Shropshire.
7. The lumps-of-delight shop.
8. The Bloomsbury christening.
9. The Circumlocution office.
10. The man who was always waiting round the corner.
11. The trial for a breach of the peace.
12. The patent never-leavin'-off-sassage-making-machine.
13. The character who went out with the tide, it being low water.
14. The Anglo - Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Company.
15. The family as old as the hills and infinitely more respectable.
16. The character who pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name.
17. The United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company.
18. The building with more gable ends than a lazy man would care count on a sunny day.
19. The man who had a great aversion to orange peel, which he called "the poor-surgeon's friend."
20. The overgrown tavern with a stone statue of some rampagious animal, distantly resembling an insane cart-horse.
21. The drowsy city whose inhabitants seem to suppose that all its changes lie behind it, and that there are no more to come.
22. The work-box with a sliding lid, with a view of St. Paul's Cathedral (with a pink dome) painted on the top.
23. The character who paid his housekeeper a hundred a year, but disguised the payment under the name of an "annual compliment."
24. The Inn that was the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tom-cats.
25. The girl who had no shape at all, and cheeks and arms so hard and red, that the birds might peck them in preference to cherries.
26. The woman who almost always wore a coarse apron, with a square impregnable bib in front, that was stuck full of pins and needles.
27. The school which was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work; mental green-peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round.

(*Answers will be found on page* 187.)

"EYES LEFT!" FOR DICKENS

By Lt.-Col. W. P. DRURY*

AMONG my most treasured possessions is a certain Bohemian glass claret jug. The silver wine label round its neck bears the inscription: "Charles Dickens to Albert Smith—to Annie Thomas—to W. P. Drury." It is a souvenir of wedding days, for it was a wedding gift from Dickens to Albert Smith, the public entertainer and forerunner of Corney Grain and Grossmith, who gave it to Annie Thomas on her wedding day, who gave it to me on mine.

Annie Thomas, whose society novels had a considerable vogue in the '70's and '80's, and who long afterwards, as Mrs. Pender Cudlip, became my mother-in-law, was an intimate friend of Mrs. Charles Dickens, and knew her illustrious husband well. She often talked of him to me, as she recalled him at Gadshill and in London, and though she was second to none in her appreciation of his genius, the adjective most often on her lips in describing his personality was "flamboyant." She painted him as a jovial, hospitable man, loudly dressed, and covered with rings and chains, like Disraeli. It is possible that prejudice slightly over-coloured the portrait, for in the unhappy dissensions between Dickens and his wife in the Hogarth episode, my late mother-in-law was a staunch partisan of Mrs. Dickens.

What was the magic in Dickens's pen which has placed him among the immortals? Certainly not fine writings; he was no stylist. I think that Sir Hugh Walpole, in a recent broadcast talk on novels, hit the right nail on the head. He said in effect, that, whereas many writers of to-day could invent convincing characters, Dickens had the godlike power of breathing immortal life into the creations of his brain. We think of them, it seems to me, less as figures in fiction than as people we have actually known, and we quote them to each other as though we were speaking of mutual friends.

It is difficult for us who love Dickens to understand those—and there are many—who tell one that they cannot read him at any price. And they are usually as definite in their dislike as we are the other way. There seem to be no half measures about it. He either gives one immense pleasure or bores one stiff.

On the other hand, a blind worship of Dickens and a refusal to see his defects is stupid. For, great genius as he was, he had his weaknesses and his limitations like the rest of us. And one of those limitations was his inability to make such characters as Lady Dedlock, Sir John Chester, and others of the same social order live, as Thackeray would have made them live, as he himself made his socially less exalted characters live. The former always seem to me to have been invented rather than drawn from life.

Dickens was an incorrigible sentimentalist. But a writer should be viewed against the background of his own times, and Dickens reflected the sentimentality of the age in which he lived. It is the fashion to

* In proposing the Immortal Memor at Plymouth, 7th February, 1939.

sneer at that Victorian sentimentality. Yet it was infinitely preferable to that false sentiment of to-day which is less concerned with the fate of the victim than with the welfare of the criminal who " does him in."

But I do feel that Dickens's sentimentality—perhaps it would be fairer to say his deep sympathy with the under dog—led him at times to exaggerate. In exposing the abuses of his day he was not always fair to the upper dog, who was by no means always a black dog, And this I think is especially true of the pictures he gives us of the French Revolution and its starving scarecrows in *A Tale of Two Cities*.

I think that one reason why some people cannot read Dickens is that, judged by our 20th century standards, so many of his middle-class young men and women are insufferable prigs. But Dickens did not invent those prigs. They are so real that they must have been drawn from life, and there are so many of them that one is forced to the conviction that early Victorian England was largely peopled by prigs.

No, the literary immortality of Charles Dickens is assured neither by his sentimentality nor by his socialism, but by that troupe of human oddities, who for some five-and-thirty years continuously leaped from his brain to add to the gaiety of nations.

Living as he did at one time in Portsmouth and at another near Chatham, Dickens must have known many of my old Corps, the Royal Marines. Wilkins Micawber—popularly supposed to be a portrait of the novelist's father—is described as having been a Marine officer. and I can testify that many of the Corps are still waiting for something—preferably promotion—to turn up. And there is an 18th century story by Dickens called *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, told by a corporal of Marines, who is as vividly alive as any corporal I have served with ashore or afloat.

I have more than once done the nine-miles route march from Chatham garrison to the rifle ranges at Gravesend. On that road stands Gadshill, and I never passed it without mentally ordering myself to " Eyes left ! " as a mark of respect to the memory of the great novelist who lived and died there.

STUDY GROUP IN CHRISTCHURCH

The recently inaugurated Study Group in the Christchurch branch has been well supported. Five evenings during the 1938 session were devoted to it. Usually four questions were set in advance, thus enabling the members to come prepared for discussion, which has always been most keen. In this way more actual members are made participants in the lectures than would be possible otherwise. The annual Dickens lecture this year was given by the literary editor of the " Christchurch Press," Mr. J. H. E. Schroder, his subject being " The Letters of Dickens."

A Tiny Tim Fund for crippled children has been started and is well supported.

THE BRISBANE BRANCH loses one of its staunchest supporters in the death of the Rev. A. G. Weller, who for fourteen years was the chairman of the Committee.

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

THE GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND

II.

[The speech here reprinted for the first time was originally published in "Proceedings at the Fifth Anniversary Festival of the General Theatrical Fund," held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, on Monday, March 25th, 1850. Benjamin Webster, Esq., in the Chair. London: Printed by Edward Brewster. MDCCCL. 8vo, 33 pp.—A. S.]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.

Before I proceed to discharge the very simple office entrusted to me, you will perhaps allow me to congratulate you upon the very agreeable mode of spending Quarter Day—a day not always connected with agreeable associations, or devoted to such hilarity—(*Laughter and cheers*). Perhaps you will also allow me, Gentlemen, to renew my annual congratulations upon the prosperity of the General Theatrical Fund, and upon the courage and perseverance with which its members, many of them under very unpropitious circumstances indeed, continue to fulfil their task—(*Hear, hear*). I never go into any of our smaller London Theatres, or even the Country Theatres, such a one for instance as I was at the other night,—where a sailor fought a combat with anyone whom he chanced to meet, and who happened to be in possession of a sword—I never go into any of the neglected temples of the drama, where it is so hard to get a living, but I come out again with a considerably strengthened and increased admiration of those who are members of this Fund—(*Cheers*), and who, with constancy and perseverance, bear up under the greatest difficulties—(*Renewed cheering*). It is, I say, an extraordinary and a remarkable fact, and an excellent example to the members of other and more lauded professions. Gentlemen, I now come to the toast which I have to propose to you. I shall not express, as I ought to express according to all precedent, my sorrow that it has not fallen into better hands; for although it might easily have done that, to tell the truth, I am exceedingly glad to hold it in mine, as it gives me the opportunity of publicly rendering my humble tribute of respect to the character and exertions of a Gentleman to whom this Fund is much indebted; who is connected in no slight degree with the public enjoyment, and in no slight degree with the successes and hopes of the English Drama, its literature, and art,—I mean our Chairman, Mr. Webster—(*Long continued cheering*). I knew very well you would give a cordial reception to his name—(*Cheers*)—I was well assured of it, because I estimate, as every friend of this Institution must estimate, the very great importance of his encouragement, because I feel it is honourable to him and to it, that setting aside all considerations of this fund, or that fund, of this theatre or that theatre, he puts himself at the head of a Society which comprehends all theatres, and which includes all the members of a profession of which he is an old and a great supporter—(*Cheers*). I felt assured,

Gentlemen, of the sympathy of all this company who are not connected with the profession, because our Chairman has been now, for a long time, the Manager of two admirably conducted theatres; because he has never been behind the public requirements in any respect, but has even outstripped them; and because he has very strong demand upon our respect and admiration—(*Cheers*). My friend, Mr. Buckstone, admirably expressed in one sentence a capital summary of his merits, "that he not only employed a great number of actors, but paid them too,"—(*Laughter*); and really, Gentlemen, in drinking such a toast as the present, we must not forget what a very difficult and arduous career such a Manager has to encounter—(*Hear, hear*); what untoward circumstances and great difficulties he has to struggle against, and how likely he is to be injured by any depression in the public mind, from whatever cause; yet, notwithstanding all this, he has evinced a steadiness of purpose not to close his theatre night after night, whatever may be the great temptations he has had to do so, being too mindful of the poor hangers-on dependent upon him for their daily bread, and who hope for the public support. Such a manager as this, Gentlemen, Mr. Webster has always been, and when we add to this that for many years he has fought a manly, stand-up English battle against very powerful rivals of various countries, English, Swedish, French, Italian, and has encountered all kinds of strange animals, lions, tigers, Ethiopians and Nightingales; and when we add to this that it is sometimes softly whispered, though I do not believe it myself, that certain members of the theatrical profession, on rare and particular occasions, at great distances apart, are a little capricious and difficult to deal with: when we take all these circumstances into our consideration, I think we shall agree that he has come very nobly through his difficulties, and looks exceedingly well to-night after all he has gone through—(*Laughter and cheers*). I cannot, Gentlemen, in conclusion express my sense of Mr. Webster's position in reference to the drama, and in reference to this Society, more to my own satisfaction, at all events, than by relating a little story, a very short one, that was told to me last night, of an exceedingly intelligent and strictly veracious friend of mine, an American Sea Captain. Gentlemen, once upon a time, he had as a passenger on board his ship a young lady of great personal attractions—I use that phrase as one entirely new to you—(*Laughter*), and five young gentlemen, also passengers, and who, in the course of a short voyage, all fell desperately in love with the young lady. The young lady, liking all the five young gentlemen, and liking them all equally well, felt herself placed in a position of some difficulty, and in this emergency applied for advice to my friend the Captain. My friend the Captain, himself a man of an original turn of mind, proposed to the young lady that she should jump overboard, he having a well-manned boat alongside, to prevent the possibility of accidents, and that she should marry the man that jumped in after her. She was very much struck by it, and it being summer-time and fine weather, and she naturally fond of bathing, decided to accept the proposition. Accordingly, on a certain morning, when her five admirers were all on

deck, she went over the side head foremost. Four of the five immediately plunged in after her—(*Laughter*), and, said the young lady to the Captain when they were all on deck again, "What am I to do now? See how wet they are." Said the Captain to the young lady, "take the dry one!" Which she did. Now the way in which I adapt this story to the present purpose is simply by reversing it. The British drama having gone overboard, and a great many admirers having looked on coolly, and one having gone in and kept his head above water for a long time, my advice to this Society would have been, "Take the wet one;" and you have got him. I am thoroughly glad you have, and I beg to propose to you, in all sincerity, to drink his health with acclamation.—(*Mr. Dickens sat down amidst loud and long-continued cheering*).

Rising in response to the toast proposed by the Chairman, "The Trustees of the General Theatrical Fund," Dickens spoke once more as follows:

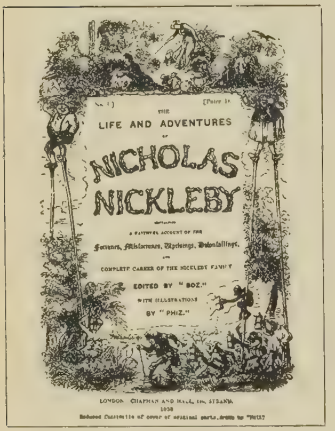
On behalf of the Hon. Mr. Justice Talfourd and my brother Trustee, and on my own behalf, I beg to return you my best thanks, and particularly to my friend, Mr. Webster, for his kind mention of my name—(*Cheers*). The only embarrassment that I feel on these occasions is that I really don't know what we have to do. I might illustrate our position by a theatrical case. Perhaps you may have observed that when a young lady performs a piece of horsemanship, there are generally two or three ambiguous looking gentlemen who follow Mr. Widdicombe about, and who are indispensable to the performance, though the lady never knows why or in what particular, but she is perfectly satisfied that they must be there, and that, without them the thing could not possibly be done—(*Laughter*). I might suppose my friend, Mr. Buckstone, in reference to this Institution, to be the party representing Mr. Widdicombe, and Mr. Cullenford performing the pleasing act of Secretaryship upon the highly trained charger, while we, the Trustees, represent those attendants looking on very hard after.

A NOVEL TOAST LIST

At the usual April Informal Dinner at the Comedy Restaurant, London, a novel form of toasts was introduced. The speakers represented characters from *Nicholas Nickleby*. The idea, which was that of the Chairman, Mr. J. H. McNulty, proved remarkably successful. As it was a unique occasion it is worth while recording the toasts and their speakers, fictional and in reality: "The City," by Mr. Nicholas Nickleby (Mr. Alan Bacon); "The Houses of Parliament," by Mr. Pugstyles (Mr. Dudley Elwes); Reply by Mr. Gregsbury, M.P. (Mr. G. H. Stuart-Bunning); "The Public Utility Services" by Mr. Lillyvick (Mr. S. J. Rust); "Art," by Miss La Creevy (Miss Bovington); "Literature," by Mr. Curdle (Mr. Mostyn Harper); "The Drama," by Mr. Vincent Crummles (Mr. Walter Dexter); "The Ladies," by Mr. Mantalini (Mr. Leslie Staples); Reply by Mrs. Nickleby (Mrs. Bacon).

AN EXAMINATION PAPER ON *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*

SET BY T. W. H.



1. Who were Kate Nickleby's accomplished schoolfellows ?
2. What antipathies had Nicholas's father ?
3. Who said :
   (*a*) It came like a flash of fire and almost froze my blood.
   (*b*) Don't call me a dear girl.
   (*c*) Yolk of egg does not match any waistcoat except a yellow waistcoat.
   (*d*) Our family always have been celebrated for small feet.
   (*e*) She will be a lovely widow ; I shall be a body.
   (*f*) If he won't listen to reason, we must do it against his will.
   (*g*) My time is yours, and my country's.
   (*h*) Don't leave a stone unturned. It's always something to know that you've done the most you could.
   (*i*) I will be a good boy and never do so any more.
4. What are the three virtues of Brimstone and treacle ?
5. Give the author of a pamphlet on the character of the Nurse's deceased husband in Romeo and Juliet.
6. Who wanted four pints of malt liquor a day, and why ?
7. What two persons were offered a similar income ?
8. How did Morleena Kenwigs get her name ?
9. What did it cost to get Mantalini out of prison ?
10. What family interest had the Cheeryble Brothers in Madeline Bray ?
11. How much was Fanny Squeers the senior of Tilda Price ?
12. How were Alphonse's buttons arranged ?
13. What gave Mr. Kenwigs his title to "some consideration on the premises" ?
14. How long did Mrs. Nickleby's cold last, and how did she cure it ?
15. How should a body be weighted to insure its sinking in water ?
16. What colour was Brooker's hair ?
17. What were the Christian names of :
   (*a*) Mr. Mantalini.
   (*b*) Mr. Wititterly.
   (*c*) The Infant Phenomenon.
   (*d*) Miss Bobster.
   (*e*) Mr. Bray.
   (*f*) Mr. Knag.
   (*g*) Mr. Folair.
   (*h*) Mr. Gride.
   (*i*) Mrs. Wititterly.
   (*j*) Mrs. Kenwigs.

(*Answers will be printed in the Autumn Number*)

JENNY WREN

By FLORENCE TYLEE

JENNY could not sleep—all was very quiet in the ward of the "Children's Hospital," where kind nurses and clever doctors were trying to turn little cripples into healthy, happy children. It was a long time since "good-night" had been said, and the lights turned low, and there was only the sound of soft breathing from the other little beds, which she knew were close by, though she could hardly see them. It had been one of the "hard days," which she did not like to think of, days when things were done to straighten the crooked bones that kept her from playing games like her brothers and sisters at home. But she had not cried, except once, when it hurt very badly. She was a "Guide," and Guides had to be brave and bear things, though they couldn't do them. When she was asleep she forgot the pain. If only she could sleep now—just before "good-night" nurse had given her something sweet to drink, and had said to her, "Pleasant dreams, Jenny!" But you had to go to sleep before you could dream! She had been lying with her eyes open for a long time. Now she shut them again, very tightly—Perhaps!—It was no use. . . ! When Jenny opened her eyes again she was surprised to find the ward was no longer as dark as it had been for the last few hours, at any rate she could see someone standing by her bed, and murmured drowsily, "Nurse." But a very low, sweet voice replied, "No, dear, I am not nurse." Then Jenny opened her eyes wider, and it seemed to be quite light, and she could see that the voice came from a little lady, so little that she seemed to be quite a child, who was just tall enough to have her golden-haired head on a level with Jenny's, as it lay on the pillow. She looked so kind and loving that though she was generally very shy with strangers, Jenny felt she was a friend and somehow meant to be good to her. Very softly, for fear of waking the other children, she said, "Who *are* you?" and the Little Lady answered, "I am Jenny Wren." "How funny!" said the child, "Your name is the same as mine! At least really I'm Susie Mitchell, when I'm at home. But I've been so long in Jenny's bed that they all call me 'Jenny Wren'." "I, too, had another name long ago," said the other, and then she said in a very gentle voice, "You are here because your back is bad and your legs are queer ——" "Why, yes," said the child, "but how did *you* know?" Then the Little Lady laughed, such a pretty, soft laugh, as she answered, "Because only such children are allowed to sleep in my bed, and they can only stay until they are able to run about, and their pain is gone." "And did you sleep here once in this nice place? Did *you* have a bad back and queer legs like me?" "Yes, dear, I was very, *very* bad. But I never slept in this bed, though they call it mine. There was no such place as this then for children like us." As she spoke, she turned and walked across the ward and stooping down lifted a box from the floor and carrying it back in her small but quite capable arms, placed it on a table by the bed. The other Jenny looked on

wonderingly. " But, you can walk quite well," she said. " How did you get cured ? " For a moment there was silence and then very slowly the Little Lady answered : " I had to wait a very long time, and go on a long, long journey before I was cured by a Good Physician." " Did you live here when you were a little girl like me ? " " Oh no, I lived in a big city, and had to work very hard." " What did you do ? " " I was a doll's dressmaker. Do you like dolls, Susie ? " " Course I do ! I've got two at home, a baby in long clothes, what my Auntie gave me, and a big one with real hair what Father Christmas brought me, and its clothes will come off and on." " All dollies should have clothes like that," said the Little Lady sweetly. " It must be dreadful to have your frocks and petticoats sewn on to you." Susie didn't say anything for a moment, she felt very guilty, she knew that her baby doll's things would not come off and on ! Then she said in a little ashamed voice, " I can't sew very well yet. But when I go home I'll try to make my baby some nice frocks, so I can wash her long white nightie. It is a bit grubby with wearing it all the time." Then she asked shyly, " Have you got something in that box ? " " Yes," said her visitor, " I've brought some of my old customers to show you." Then still moving very softly, she opened the box and turned back the lid and took out several small, gaily dressed dolls, and set them out on the table. And as she set them out she explained them to the child, in a low quick voice—" Look ! here is a bride, all ready to be married, I went to a grand lady's wedding to get ideas for that dress, and here are two sisters who are to be presented at Court. I stood outside the Palace to see grand ladies going in, and here's the good clergyman in his surplice ready to marry the lovely lady, and here's the bridegroom, and here's the doll I made for little Miss Harmon. How I loved doing that, though my back was aching and my legs were so queer all the time. I was finishing her that day when Sloppy came to fetch her, and offered to make me a new handle for my poor old ' crutch stick '." " Did you have to use a crutch ? " " Oh dear, yes. I used to have to go ' Hoppetty, Kicketty, peg-peg-peg '." She danced a few steps before she set another doll on the table, a very grand one with a crown on and a long crimson velvet train. " Here is Queen Victoria," she said, " the only Queen I ever knew. You've a new queen now, and once she came here, but she wasn't queen then." " I know," said Susie, " that was when I was very little, when I was at home and could only go out in baby's pram, that was much too little for me." The other Jenny had turned away and was putting the dolls back in their box. Susie was afraid she was going. " Oh, please don't leave me yet," she said, " it's so lovely to have you here when I can't sleep." " I must not stay longer now, I must go back to Dickens-land, where I live, to get my orders. I am needed in lots of places, and now shut your eyes again, very tightly. Good-night ! "

When Nurse came to Jenny Wren's little bed in the morning it was to hear a wonderful story of a " Little Lady " who had greatly cheered its occupant through the hours of the night. Nurse had no time to say more than " Didn't I wish you pleasant dreams ? "

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH

By LEO MASON

OF all the Victorian novelists there can be no doubt that Dickens's associations with William Harrison Ainsworth are among the most important and the most interesting. The statement would be justified if it were only founded on the fact that for a considerable period Ainsworth's popularity as a novelist was equalled only by that of Dickens, but he has other claims upon the kindly regard of all Dickensians, he was the first influential literary man to recognise the genius of Dickens and moreover his appreciation did not stop at mere recognition.

William Harrison Ainsworth was born at Manchester on the 4th of February, 1805. His father, Thomas Ainsworth, was a prosperous lawyer and a prominent citizen, while his mother, Ann Harrison, was descended from an old-established and wealthy Lancashire family. William received a good education at the Old Manchester Grammar School and acquired a good knowledge of the classics. At quite an early age he displayed much talent in the art of writing poems, plays, short stories and literary criticisms, many of which appeared in magazines of the day.

In 1821 when he was but sixteen years of age he had the satisfaction of beholding no less than seven pages of the "Edinburgh Magazine" devoted to a tragedy he had written entitled "Venice or the Fall of the Foscaris." The reviewer commented that parts of the tragedy were "equal almost to anything of the kind we have read" and coupled Ainsworth's name with that of Byron, the most famous poet of the time. This was something to be proud of for a boy of sixteen. Upon leaving school in 1822 he was set to studying for the law and became very friendly with one of his father's articled clerks named James Crossley; the friendship endured for sixty-five years. His soul, however, was centred in literature and he tells us that his father often referred to him as "an idle dog who won't work." Nevertheless, he was a dutiful son and held his parents in high esteem as indicated in the dedication attached to his first novel. He was, however, an individualist, full of self confidence and not troubled with any form of inferiority complex; neither did he allow his literary pursuits to interfere with his social activities—on the contrary he openly admitted his almost over fondness for members of the fair sex, who much admired his rosy cheeks, fine figure, and chestnut coloured curls. On the other hand, while still a youth he numbered among his friends some of the outstanding literary men of the day such as Charles Lamb and John Wilson (the famous "Christopher North"), and William Blackwood. It was therefore a very self confident young fellow who arrived in London during the year 1824. His father having died suddenly at the beginning of the year, William put aside his congenial literary pursuits and settled down in earnest to study for the law and it must be said to his credit that within eighteen months he became a fully-fledged attorney. It is interesting to note that it was about

this time that young Charles Dickens at the age of twelve was busily employed tying up pots of blacking in a warehouse in Chandos Street. William being very much the man about town spent much of his time in and out of the theatres and became very friendly with John Ebers, the proprietor of the Opera House, and through him came into contact with singers, ballet dancers, and the *haut ton* who patronised the theatres. Upon his return from a visit to Paris in 1826 William suddenly made up his mind to marry Fanny Ebers, the charming daughter of John Ebers. In giving his mother and friend Crossley but two days' notice of the event he says : " You will perhaps blame me for not disclosing this to you earlier, but really I had so much unhappiness on a former occasion." This would appear to indicate that William had wished to marry some one else at some previous date and that the match had been frowned upon. However his father-in-law was also a bookseller in Old Bond Street and William, after his marriage, took over the bookshop and transformed it into a literary salon where many of the leading literati met ; he thus further increased his circle of literary friends and eventually became a publisher. William carried on the business for three or four years during which time he and his beautiful wife, established in a fine mansion, participated in all the pleasures and gaieties of fashionable London and after an extensive tour of the Continent he became attached to the staff of " Frazer's Magazine " in the year 1830. He also commenced work on his first long novel, which when published, at the beginning of 1834, under the title of " Rookwood " made him the literary lion of the season. Not only the reading public but the literary critics were full of praise for the manner in which the youthful writer had recounted the exploits of Dick Turpin and his famous mare, Bonny Black Bess. William, overjoyed at his success, wrote off to his friend Crossley saying " the book is making quite a sensation—in fact as Byron says I went to bed unknown and arose to find myself famous." He was referred to as an English Victor Hugo and for the time being William Harrison Ainsworth was the idol of literary London. His own success, however, did not prevent him from appraising the merits of certain tales or sketches of London life which occasionally appeared in the " Monthly Magazine " and as readers of *The Dickensian* are fully aware* he was directly responsible for making it possible for young Charles Dickens to see his first book published in February, 1836, under the title of *Sketches by Boz.*

Ainsworth about this time separated from his wife by whom he had a family of three daughters and went to live at Kensal Lodge where it was his pleasure to entertain his literary friends on a lavish scale. Late in the year 1836 Charles Dickens, now also risen to fame with his *Pickwick*, was invited to the festive board and Ainsworth introduced him to John Forster who records : " A friend now especially welcome was the novelist Mr. Ainsworth who shared incessantly for the three following years in the companionship which began at his house." Thus it was that Ainsworth played no small part in assisting " Boz "

* See " Dickens's First Literary Friendship," *The Dickensian*, 1932, p. 173.

48 Doughty St.
Monday Morning
My Dear Ainsworth.

It is my melancholy task to inform you that Mrs. Dickens's sister whom you saw here, and at the dinner on Wednesday, died in my arms yesterday afternoon. She had accompanied us to the Theatre the night before apparently in the best health; was taken ill in the night, and lies here a corpse. She has been our constant com-

First page of Letter from Dickens to Harrison Ainsworth in 1837 announcing the death of Mary Hogarth

to make a good start on his outstanding career, the fashionable generous-hearted Ainsworth was indeed a good friend to have at court. His letters to friend Crossley in Manchester were full of enthusiasm for his new friend for he wrote telling him what a grand fellow Dickens was and that they were going to do a joint work illustrating ancient and modern London in a *Pickwick* form and that he had just received a letter from his mother informing him that she had read with much interest and joy the first volume of *Sketches by Boz*—this was a very great compliment to Dickens because his mother as a rule could not be bothered to read anything ; and then we must not forget Ainsworth's account (the only full report) of the dinner given to Dickens to celebrate the completion of *The Pickwick Papers*.

In 1838 Dickens visited Manchester and through the good offices of Ainsworth met the brothers Grant whom he immortalised as the Cheeryble Brothers, and in the following year the two authors were the guests of honour at a civic banquet held in that city. Meanwhile both authors continued to be the two most popular writers of the day. " Rookwood " had gone through five editions and its author had achieved another success with " Crichton." *Oliver Twist* had practically run its course through " Bentley's Miscellany " and had further enhanced the reputation of Dickens who in 1839 handed over the editorship of the " Miscellany " to Ainsworth, who immediately began publishing in it his story " Jack Sheppard." This prompted a writer in " Punch " to make some rather cynical comments about " this glut of criminal romance," but the exploits of Jack Sheppard proved so popular that for a time they even eclipsed in popular favour the adventures of *Oliver Twist*. John Forster who, up to now, had always praised Ainsworth's work, endeavoured to damn the story of Jack's adventures as being immoral. Thackeray thought that both Ainsworth and Dickens were making vice appear far too attractive and produced his " Catherine " in which he declared vice and criminals were portrayed in their true colours. However, for a time at least Sheppard was all the rage, and as with the works of Dickens so also with those of Ainsworth—many spurious imitations of " Jack Sheppard " appeared and several versions were produced at the theatres. In the absence of copyright law Ainsworth received little benefit financially from the theatres, but unlike Dickens he appeared to be content just to bask in the publicity and glory arising out of the situation, in spite of the fact that Miss Mitford declared him to be " a criminal educator and perverter of youthful minds." He did, however, change his subject matter and dealt more with historical themes in subsequent novels. " The Tower of London," " Guy Fawkes," and " Old St. Pauls " followed closely upon each other and further added to his reputation. In 1841 he resigned the editorship of the " Miscellany " having quarrelled with Bentley for much the same reason as Dickens had done—that of being over-driven. Some years later he became owner of the " Miscellany " and eventually sold it back at a loss to its original owner.

Ainsworth was now at the height of his literary powers ; his novels

had been translated into Dutch and French and were also widely read in America, where the author was referred to by an admirer as " one pre-eminently distinguished throughout Europe and America " and was congratulated upon " the triumphant reception " accorded his works throughout the two Continents. In 1842 Ainsworth moved into a larger house which he named " Kensal Manor House " and his three daughters now grown into young ladies kept house for him. Family gatherings now superseded the old " bachelor " parties and Dickens was often accompanied by his wife and her sister, Georgina Hogarth, who has recorded that the parties at Mr. Ainsworth's house were amongst her most pleasant remembrances ; that the guests were always the best known people in literature and art and that Ainsworth and Dickens were on most intimate terms. However, in 1843, Ainsworth founded his own magazine and in writing to a contributor commented that " Dickens is very tenacious and as we have only just got over a quarrel I do not wish to give occasion . . . . . for a fresh one." From now onwards the two authors saw each other less frequently, a chance meeting on the Continent in 1846 revived old memories but times had changed and a year later Ainsworth in a letter to friend Crossley wrote " I have not seen Dickens or Forster for a long time " and that he was doubtful whether Dickens would accompany him upon his forthcoming visit to Manchester. Ainsworth travelled to his native town alone ; the close friendship between the two authors who had once been such chums was at an end.

While in the north Ainsworth visited the country about Pendle Hill with a view to obtaining local colour for what was in many ways to be his finest novel—" The Lancashire Witches," published in 1849. In 1850 Dickens once again thought of his old friend and invited Ainsworth to stand godfather at the christening of his sixth son—the late Sir Henry Dickens. Three years later Ainsworth, no longer the peer of Dickens in popular esteem, and his works rapidly becoming superseded by those of Wilkie Collins and Anthony Trollope, settled down in Brighton and lived altogether more quietly. He met Dickens once again in 1854 and as far as is known, the two never met each other again. On the death of Dickens in 1870, Ainsworth was " greatly shocked by the sudden death of poor Dickens . . . . . I always hoped that we might meet again as of old." Although he lived more quietly in Brighton he did not abate but rather increased the intensity of his literary labours. His soul was still centred in literature and as Laman Blanchard says in a memoir prefixed to the Original Illustrated edition of " Rookwood " : " Ainsworth's aim was to promote the interest of literature and to surround himself with such authors as it was alike honourable to serve and to be associated with." As an editor he was always kind and courteous to his contributors and always ready to extend a helping hand to youthful authors. He himself wrote novel after novel and risked his hard-earned capital in speculation in magazine ownership. Always full of enthusiasm throughout the 77 years of his life he never acknowledged defeat and when producing what some consider pot-boiler after pot-boiler, in order that he might

eat to live, he never lost faith in his art but would tell friend Crossley that his next story would really be his masterpiece. Perhaps he tried to do too much, as either a magazine proprietor or as a novelist he might have retired a wealthy man but by endeavouring to fill the dual rôle he would appear to have lost on the one what he gained by the other and died in harness a comparatively poor man. Altogether he wrote about forty full length romances and numerous short stories. His novels like those of Dickens were mostly published in serial form. Ainsworth, unlike Dickens, was not endowed with a genius for creating immortal characters and their literary styles were quite different. Dickens used the simplest words placed in such order as to bring about the maximum effect, whereas Ainsworth at times might be said to be almost " Micawberish."

Nevertheless, he did possess great talents as a writer and was a fount of knowledge on ancient and historical lore and spared no efforts in getting his facts correctly assembled; moreover there is a refreshing " gusto " about his style which carries the reader over the large words and Latin tags with which he besprinkled his stories. Ainsworth generally wrote of people of the past living in past times whereas Dickens wrote about the men and women of all time as living in his own time but, as with the earlier Dickens, he too, delighted in describing his heroines as lovely damsels possessed of smooth and beautiful brows, dark luxuriant hair that swept almost to the ground, and tender blue eyes bright and clear as diamonds of the purest water. Ainsworth excelled in painting on a large canvas, his art was in pageantry and in description of wide open storm-swept country, rather than in portraiture. His historical novels have therefore a greater resemblance to those of Dumas than to those of Sir Walter Scott. Once he has got Dick Turpin on the road, the reader, too, is up behind him in the saddle of Bonny Black Bess taking in every detail of the countryside as the famous mare continues its headlong pace towards the city of York. Or let the reader roam about the country of " The Lancashire Witches "—let him visit Whalley Abbey and the pretty little village of Downham where Squire Assheton still resides at the Hall, let him go to Sabden at the foot of Pendle Hill or stroll along the banks of the Calder, let him climb the steep approach to Houghton Tower as did King James—the de Hoghtons are still there. Let thunder roll between the hills, let lightning play about the trees—with Ainsworth's story of the Witches in his ears he will live again those stirring times of bygone days. What is that distant flight of birds but Old Mother Demdike and her witches' brood. What is yonder distant waving mass of stunted trees but a host of fighting men coming to sack the Abbey. What is that stream of endless juggernauts proceeding along the Hoghton road, but King James and his followers coming to make merry with My Lord of Hoghton. Who is yon country wench but the bewitching Alizon Device herself. History through the eyes of Romance is the essence of Ainsworth at his best—" Lancashire Witches," " Tower of London," " Old St. Pauls," are romantic histories and will no doubt endure. " Rookwood," " Jack

Sheppard," and the like are historical romances and must take their chance as such. Incidentally George Cruikshank did some of his finest work in illustrating Ainsworth's romances. Ainsworth had the distinction of being the first novelist to have his portrait exhibited in the public omnibuses and his story, " Old St. Pauls," was the first serial story to appear in a newspaper—" The Sunday Times." The closing years of the novelist's life were spent at Reigate in company with his second wife. On September 15th, 1881, he was the guest of honour at a civic banquet held in his native city of Manchester. He was christened " The Lancashire Novelist " and Ainsworth, now a grey-haired man of 76 years, said in his reply " If I really thought that the designation of ' The Lancashire Novelist ' were justified I should indeed feel proud. I hope it may attach to my name. My great ambition has been to connect my name as an author with the city of my birth." His native city honoured its illustrious son only just in time for three months later in January, 1882, William Harrison Ainsworth was quietly laid to rest in Kensal Green Cemetery. Old friend Crossley, now 82 years of age, was too infirm to make the journey from Manchester and only survived his life-long friend by a year. Forster made but brief mention of Ainsworth in his " Life of Dickens," nevertheless he could not have paid him a greater compliment than he did because he said of Ainsworth—that it was to his sympathies in tastes and pursuits, accomplishments in literature and to his open-hearted generous ways and cordial hospitality that many of the pleasures in his own and Dickens's later life were due. At the close of his life Dickens had gathered many illustrious friends about him, but none more worthy of that name than the very first one of all his friends—William Harrison Ainsworth—The Lancashire Novelist.

THIS LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

We rarely comment on the many errors about Dickens appearing in the Press, but when " The Schoolmaster " makes a whole series of howlers in No. 2 of their series on " Great Writers," by Wray Hunt (May 11th), it is time to point them out. Thus we are told that the elder Dickens " was miserably poor, for pay in government offices was low ; " that Dickens attended a school in Chatham over a dyer's shop ; that in 1821 John Dickens " lost his job " and moved to London ; that young Charles became " a reporter on the ' Morning Herald ' " on which his father had obtained a post ; that Mr. Gradgrind was " the stupid teacher ; " and that Cruikshank made the " famous drawing of Mr. Pickwick in the *Pickwick Papers*." Where do these schoolmasters get their facts ?

Mr. Metcalfe Wood advises us that his play, " Mr. Dombey," produced in the Centenary year at the Savoy Theatre, is now available for amateurs, for whom it should be especially suitable as it has a cast of thirty characters. His address is, 16 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

SMIKE

By A. J. COPPOCK

OF all the characters in *Nicholas Nickleby* the most attractive to me is Smike. The other characters, both greater and lesser, are drawn with the usual mastery of delineation. Mr. Browdie is an honest, plain, slow Yorkshireman, though, knowing the Yorkshire dialect fairly well, the samples in *Nicholas Nickleby* are not too convincing to me. The Cheeryble Brothers could not be other than they are, and they are pictured in such straightforward simplicity, as almost to make it seem that no skill had been used in their portrayal. So convincing and entirely natural are all the characters, with the possible exception of Nicholas himself, who more than once suggests priggishness (in his speech perhaps, more than in his actions), that to analyse them to any extent seems unnecessary.

In Smike, however, are mental intricacies different from all the others, requiring exact specialisation and delicacy in treatment. To exaggerate such a type would be to rob it of conviction. Squeers himself is a bold study of the amazing insolent arrogance of a scoundrel and bully of the lowest degree, without exaggeration ; and the members of his domestic establishment are correspondingly vicious. Smike is an outstanding example of Dickens's unerring psychological sense. You will note that in the case of this lad, conversational phrases are limited. He does not engage in the long, flowing, somewhat overweighted phrases of so many of the other characters. His lack of education does not account for this, nor even the circumstances of his life. Smike, contrary to the superficial scanning of some readers, is not deranged. Had he been so, Nicholas, with the best of motives, could not have taken him with him and introduced him to his home and friends.

Dickens was ever the advocate of neglected, unprotected childhood, and adolescence. In *Bleak House* the young crossing sweeper is an object of shame, by reason of the utter neglect of his condition by a so-called civilised community. Likewise the children in *Little Dorrit* and *Oliver Twist* are the means of unsparing indictment of a system that permitted the complete disregard of their peculiar needs. So in Smike we have a detailed account of a sensitive child placed early in surroundings that not only ought to have deprived him of reason, but might have made him, as doubtless were many of his unfortunate associates, morally depraved. Welfare centres, clinics, and specially provided schools to-day are the means by which civic and health authorities attempt to cope with and adjust the mentally injured or unsound among their infants. By these methods the more enlightened understanding of to-day attempts to bring to bear all the attributes of patience, sympathy, and affection upon these handicapped children, and results are shown to be encouragingly successful. Many of us have come across difficult children, and some of us have had to do with the painful self-consciousness, sometimes sex-consciousness, of individual adolescents, either youths or girls, and sometimes a natural

psychological intuition gives the key to understanding and the right handling of such cases.

Smike was neither abnormal nor mentally defective at the beginning; the later contact with Nicholas proves this. His memory is good and his answers to questions put to him are accurate and to the point. He was starved, mentally and spiritually as well as physically. Had his delicate body been cared for during the trying period of growth and development, and his mind and natural affection nourished, his would have been a normal character. As it is, when at last he does meet with a friend, all his pent-up, starved emotions are released. He himself never knew how much he had needed love, and in his utter unselfishness, he sets himself to worship and to serve his deliverer. Only those who know how acute can be the agony of the extremely sensitive adolescent will appreciate how terrible must have been the suffering of Smike during the long years of his slavery. Thus by drawing Smike out to speak normally, by helping him to become himself, Nicholas lays the first stone for the building of normality. The atrophied brain gets a chance to develop, and the curse of fear is loosened. Miss La Creevy uses a natural intuition in her first meeting with Smike, by a gentleness and understanding of his bewilderment, and by giving him time to accustom himself to his new happiness. There is a marked difference between the Smike of the last chapters and that of the first. The later Smike has attained to a wholesome maturity, and though his body cannot recover from the terrible rigours of his upbringing, the mind and spirit have responded to the care of his friends. His death is beautiful and is entirely free from fear or horror.

The story of Smike, in its consistency and truth, and in its anticipation of future guidance in the treatment of such types, in its emphasis on the need for special sympathy and love among such natures, if for no other cause, justified the writing of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

AN ADVERTISEMENT IN "THE TIMES" (FEBRUARY 7TH, 1844), TO THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE

To the Brothers Cheeryble, or any who have hearts like theirs. A clergyman, who will gladly communicate his name and address, desires to introduce the case of a Gentleman, equal at least to Nickleby in birth; worthy, like him of spotless integrity, and powerfully beloved by friends who cannot help him; but no longer, like Nickleby, sustained by the warm buoyancy of youthful blood. The widowed father of young children, he has spent his all in the struggles of an unsuccessful but honourable business, and has now for eighteen months been vainly seeking some stipendary employment. To all who have ever known him he can refer for commendation. Being well versed in accounts, though possessed of education, talents, and experience, which would render him invaluable as a private secretary, he would accept with gratitude even a clerk's stool with daily bread.—Any communication addressed to the Rev. B. C., Post Office, Cambridge, will procure full particulars, ample references, and the introduction of the party, who is now in town and ignorant of this attempt to serve.

PEEPS AT DICKENS

Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

XXXIV—June, 1870

An Unpublished Letter from Frederick Lehmann to Dr. Joachim.

Woodlands, Southwood Lane, Highgate N.
13th June, 1870.

My Dear old Friend,

Since the 26th May I am, thank God, back with my own people once more ; one must have wandered about for nine months in different countries and amongst all shades and colours of foreign strangers to experience similar domestic happiness to mine.

My wife and children are very well. We have recovered from our long and painful parting and the whole journey now seems to me almost like a dream or hazy recollection.

I want to thank you very much for the splendid work on Japan. Nothing could have given me greater pleasure, and I am now engaged in renewing many beautiful memories with the aid of the accurate drawings and interesting text.

As I write I am still quite stunned by the fearful blow that has befallen us in the death of Dickens.

After his death my Wife and I went one morning to Gad's Hill and were permitted to see the dear fellow once more and to kiss his transfigured face. He looked movingly beautiful and majestic in the repose of death. No distortion but rather an ennobling of the features. Peace be to his ashes.

I shall never be able to reconcile the departed who seemed to me like a finely executed statue on his own tombstone with the living friend of the sparkling eye, the humorous mouth, the sympathetic voice and the warm pressure of the hand. Both memories will always remain distinct.

He had a stroke on Wednesday evening. He never recovered consciousness nor spoke again. His breathing became louder and louder, till a quarter of an hour before his death he began to sob and the tears rolled down his cheeks. Suddenly his face became transfigured and his spirit left his body. This unconscious agony lasted twenty-seven hours but the doctors say that he can have suffered nothing after his stroke.

Both his daughters, his two sons Charles and Harry, Miss Hogarth and Charles Collins were with him. The distress of his daughters was heartbreaking.

I write to you thus fully as I know that you loved and honoured not only the famous author but also the splendid and unique man.

On the 22nd May he dined here with his daughters, Lord Lytton, Wilkie Collins and Lord and Lady Houghton. He was extremely jolly and promised to come again as soon as I was back. And now, alas, I never shall see him again alive.

He lay in the dining-room at Gad's Hill where death overtook him and it was gruesome to see him cold and stiff there in the same place where he had so often hospitably entertained us and given us such a good time.

We walked together hundreds of miles in and about London and I can hardly realize that I shall never again walk beside him drinking in all his conversation. But enough of that. What use is it ? We can only rejoice that such a man will never die but will always continue to live.

My Wife speaks often of you, and always with her old affection and esteem. I hope that next year you will again admit me as a third into your alliance. Till then, farewell and let me hear from you occasionally. Shall we come to the musical festival at Bonn ? If so tell us when and where.

With kindest regards to your dear Wife,

Your affectionate old friend,

FREDERICK LEHMANN.

IN SPITE OF EUCLID

BY J. H. McNULTY

OF *Nicholas Nickleby* it may be said, in spite of Euclid's partly contradictory axiom, that the parts are greater than the whole. Few, if any, would place it among Dickens's greatest novels, but all must admit that there are episodes in it which have never been surpassed and seldom equalled even in his most mature productions. In a sense the book was too successful, for it killed the Yorkshire Schools, and thus its propaganda became obsolete. Propaganda is rarely literature, but *Nicholas Nickleby* is, and remains a masterpiece, though those detestable schools are now only remembered by the vivid description of them in the book.

The looseness of the plot can be admitted and even admired for its truth to life, if we remember that the full title is *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*, for in real life adventures are often loosely strung together without any clear connecting links.

As is usual the opening chapter is excellent. Mr. Nickleby, having acted on his wife's advice and " speculated," is ruined and receives much good advice :

> " Cheer up ! " said the apothecary.
>
> " You mustn't let yourself be cast down, Sir," said the nurse.
>
> " Such things happen every day," remarked the lawyer.
>
> " And it is very sinful to rebel against them," whispered the clergyman.
>
> " And what no man with a family ought to do," added the neighbours.

After receiving so much good advice Mr. Nickleby not unreasonably died and his family started on their adventures.

Immediately after, there follows the magnificent digression of the formation of the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company—a piece of superb satire. It sheds a certain light on the character of Ralph Nickleby, but it needs no defence, for like most of Dickens's digressions it justifies itself.

If the question were asked " Did any good ever come out of

Dotheboys Hall ? we might answer " No " until we remembered Fanny Squeers's letter ; that is perfect. It is equal to the Sapsea epitaph. The finest phrase in it depicts the conflict in the heart of Miss Squeers between indignation at her father's injuries and her innate gentility : " my pa is one mask of brooses both blue and green likewise two forms are steepled in his Goar." The fierceness of her indignation makes her use the strong word " Goar," but remembering that she is a lady she cannot bring herself to use the common word father. She chooses the genteel word " Pa." So we have the exquisite incongruity of " Pa " and " Goar."

Almost as good is Mr. Lillyvick's opinion of the French language, culminating in the question " What's water in French, Sir ? "

" L'Eau," replied Nicholas.

" Ah ! " said Mr. Lillyvick, shaking his head mournfully, " I thought as much. Lo, eh ? I don't think anything of that language—nothing at all."

Mr. Lillyvick, the Water Rate Collector, is quite right ; what else could he think of the language which called the noble liquid which had floated him to fame and fortune " l'eau." It was beneath his contempt.

The Crummles have had their full share of praise and they deserve it. What is even finer, but has been somewhat overlooked, is Miss Snevelicci's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Curdle. Dickens did not write much satire on art and literature, but here is an admirable example of what he could do. There is a sane as well as an insane criticism of Shakespeare and Dickens knew this for he tells us that " Mr. Curdle had written a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, post octavo, on the character of the Nurse's deceased husband, in Romeo and Juliet, with an enquiry whether he really had been a " ' merry man ' in his life-time, or whether it was merely his widow's affectionate partiality that induced her so to report him." A little later he and Mrs. Curdle discuss the character of Hamlet and Mr. Curdle talks ineffable nonsense about " The Unities of the Drama." He is like the man in Browning who " Believes he sees two points in Hamlet's soul, Unseized by the Germans yet."

Throughout the book there are the beautiful outbursts of Mrs. Nickleby's delightful conversation and she is the first of Dickens's great women characters. This is no slight on the ladies in *The Pickwick Papers* or on Mrs. Corney, but Mrs. Nickleby is far greater than they.

There is much else in the book that is excellent ; the Mantalinis, the Cheerybles, Mr. Gregsbury, M.P., and so on and so forth. Things that would make the reputation of another novelist, but definitely in the second rank when compared with the great passages in the book.

To-day Einstein is understood (no, not understood), is believed to have superseded Euclid and to have disproved many of his conclusions. It would ill become us to add to the old Greek's discomfiture, so we will admit the truth of his axiom " the whole is greater than its part " in a geometrical sense, but we insist that in the world of letters it is sometimes true, as it is here, that the parts are greater than the whole.

UNIVERSAL DICKENS

By WILLIAM POWER*
(Past President Scottish P.E.N. Club)

I

THE works and fame of Dickens exemplify the reality of national frontiers, and the power of genius and of human nature to transcend them.

The literature of every country includes a number of writers who, though acclaimed by critics, are not much appreciated abroad. The high place accorded to Pushkin in Russia is a puzzle to foreigners. Boswell and Hardy have not a world-fame corresponding to their fame in the English-speaking world.

One might have expected that Dickens would be in this category. He is the most English of English writers. Though he lived for longish periods among Latin peoples, and liked them, his portrayal of them is conventional. He was closely associated with Edinburgh, but his references to Scotland and Scots are negligible. Of Ireland he seemed unconscious. His American types are vivid but superficial caricatures. On the other hand, his pictures of the life of his own country abound in minute particularities and in local colour.

Dickens appeared to be doing everything in his power to restrict his vogue to England, if not, indeed, to London and sixty miles round. His best scenes and characters seem quite unexportable. How is Sam Weller to be made to talk French, or Dick Swiveller Russian? There are at least a dozen scenes in *David Copperfield* that seem to defy any attempt at translation. Yet Dickens is among the most universally read of all novelists, and *David Copperfield* ranks almost with " Don Quixote " as a popular world-classic.

The matter is no mystery to those who can read " Don Quixote " in the original and are aware how inadequate is the best translation. In Dickens, as in Cervantes, there is a human electricity so powerful that it is perceptible even in an apparently almost non-conducting medium. In Dickens's case it overcomes the obstacle, not only of localism, but also of period. His scenes are not laid in a semi-pastoral era that has become timeless, but, mainly, in the England of his own day, and they are fastened down to their period by all kinds of detail. They definitely " date." Yet even our own period, so impatiently disdainful of yesterdays, holds Dickens to its heart.

Dickens has surmounted yet another obstacle. He wrote his novels " with a purpose," and social purpose has usually been fatal to novels. Also, the particular evils against which Dickens strove have become items in forgotten history. We cannot get up active indignation about the Marshalsea, Chancery, the Circumlocution Office, or even Dotheboys Hall.

But a definite social purpose of some kind was the moral dynamic that roused Dickens's imaginative powers to full creative activity. He was lacking in the historical and romantic impulse of Scott, Dumas,

* Delivered at the Dinner of the Edinburgh Branch on December 16th, 1938.

and Hugo, the architectonic impulse of Balzac, the artistic and critical impulse of Flaubert, the psychological impulse of Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dostoievski, or Stendhal. Reading *Sketches by Boz* and even *Pickwick*, one does not see any particular reason why Dickens should ever have become a novelist at all. Of real artistry in novel construction he showed little sign until he wrote *Great Expectations*.

With Dickens, even more than with Fielding, who was a scholar and a literary satirist, the directing impulses were love of his fellow-men, and a burning hatred of all forms of cruelty, injustice, hypocrisy, and stupidity. He lived in an age when these evils were shamelessly rampant and were combined with religious bigotry and high moral pretensions. As a poor boy working in a blacking warehouse, he had been " under the harrow." As a young reporter attending the law courts and writing sketches of the life around him, he had amassed a prodigious amount of social data.

Other men have begun much in the same way and have written nothing but social tracts, or heavily didactic stories. But Dickens, when he coupled the engine of moral indignation to his memories, observations, and impressions, and drew out of the station with what looked like a real train, a full-length novel, found that his mind was surging with material for many more ventures. He discovered his own creative genius. He wrote with zest and joy, weeping and laughing himself to make his readers weep and laugh.

All wrong, says the modern young critic. That is how sermons and speeches are prepared, but not novels. Dickens was merely the exuberant genius as journalist and sketch-writer, making up ludicrously " mixed " trains of interminable length, that rattled along anyhow, as often off the rails as on them.

It is true that many people who have worn out copies of all Dickens's novels could not summarise the full story of one of them. But why make a fetich of the organically perfect novel ? Does such a thing exist ? The simple story, or saga, is an immemorial art form, with rules that were scrupulously observed by the old Irish and Icelanders. That form is too restricted for a rich-minded genius who has a philosophy of life to body forth. Cervantes broke the mould when from the picaresque romance he developed " Don Quixote " ; and the freedom he won was exercised by his disciples, Smollett, Fielding, and Dickens. The young critic does not realise that Dickens's fancy, humour, and descriptive power are much too exuberant, and his memorable characters are much too vital, salient, original, and individual to be brought within the scheme of the " well-made " novel.

II.

There are two main motifs in Dickens. One is the Don Quixote motif, derived from Cervantes, and congenial to Dickens's own temperament. The other is the boy motif, derived mainly from his own experience.

Mr. Pickwick is the Knight of La Mancha in gaiters and spectacles, with a soupçon of Dr. Johnson of the Literary Club ; Sam Weller is

a Londonized blend of Sancho and Figaro ; and the Quixotic tendency is represented by many other well-known characters, including even the greatest of all, Micawber, in whom, however, it is overshadowed by features derived from the author's father, though in the Fleet Prison Micawber gloriously manifests the transforming power of the Quixotic imagination.

It is impossible to describe Micawber. But put him under the microscope and you discover in him the redeeming element in English character : inextinguishably genial courage, expressing itself most quaintly in a poetic refusal to call anything by its proper name, an idiosyncrasy that has enabled Englishmen to turn many awkward corners. Dickens loved Micawber as Shakespeare loved Falstaff.

The boy motif had not been quite neglected in fiction. It is conspicuous in Fielding's " Joseph Andrews " and " Tom Jones." But Dickens was the first to make it the vehicle of a general attack on the social evils of which the child is the chief and most helpless victim.

An element not at all Micawberish in the English character had made the treatment of women and children under industrialism the darkest blot in English history. Scotland, to her shame—Scotland, the land *par excellence* of nursery rhymes, mother's-knee instruction, and parental solicitude—witness " The Cotter's Saturday Night "—had basely conformed to England's vile example. That Scottish parish clergymen went out of their way to defend the cruelties of child labour illustrates the desperateness of the position against which writers like Carlyle, Elizabeth Barrett, and Dickens flung themselves. Dickens's attack went furthest and deepest. It aroused profound understanding and sympathy. The boy David was the real slayer of the Goliath of commercial greed and cruelty.

David Copperfield is among the most widely read and most widely influential novels ever written. It ranks, as I have already said, with " Don Quixote." But in two respects it differs from Cervantes's masterpiece.

The central figure of *David Copperfield* is entrancing as boy ; as man he is much less satisfactory, and the interest shifts to Micawber. The lesson for novelists is obvious. You cannot be too autobiographical up to the age of fifteen, but after that you cannot express your real self unless in the person of somebody quite different, as Cervantes did when he created Don Quixote.

In " Don Quixote," also, there is not a single badly drawn character. How could the creator of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, Clara Peggotty, Mr. Peggotty, Mr. Barkis, Uriah Heep, Mr. Creakle, Traddles, Betsey Trotwood, Mr. Dick, Mr. Spenlow—ay, even Dora, who is pathetically alive and sweet—how could he admit to their society ventriloquial effigies like Steerforth, Rosa Dartle, Little Emily, Ham Peggotty, the Doctor, Agnes, and her philandering cousin ? This anomaly has to do with a major failure in Dickens's own life, a failure which he never faced. In his treatment of love and marriage he is neither a frank idyllist (except in the case of the Marchioness), nor a frank psychological realist. He is merely an indeterminate bungler, and virtually

all the people in his books who are presented in what one must call a sex relation are more or less lay-figures. I doubt if there are any worse scenes in fiction than the death of Dora, the wooing of Agnes, or the *éclaircissement* between Carker and the second Mrs. Dombey.

I once saw Constance Collier in a film version of (naturally) the least interesting section of *Bleak House*. She made one realise that in Lady Dedlock's secret Dickens had got hold of quite a good theme. But it did not seem to have occurred to him that he owed it to Lady Dedlock, and to his readers, to account in some fashion for her love episode. In leaving an inexplicable slur upon her, he was almost "art and part" with his detestable Mr. Guppy.

III.

These matters would not be worth mentioning if Dickens were not a great world-novelist. They are particularly worth mentioning for two reasons. One concerns the film. Why should the film versions deal mainly with the weakest and least characteristic elements in the novels? Are English film actors unable to give convincing renderings of the humorous characters of the greatest English humorist? The *Copperfield* film was effective so far as it went; Uriah Heep was superbly realised; but the distinguished actor who took the part of Micawber had evidently forgotten that suave dignity and flamboyant gentility are of the very essence of that immortal embodiment of resonant periphrasis.

It has to be noted that the "love interest," such as it is, and what in the "well-made" novel would be the narrative structure, though in most of Dickens's novels it scarcely amounts to more than connective tissue, are more likely to be "got across" to foreign readers than the passages in which Dickens is at his greatest. I have a vivid recollection of the dinner-party at Todgers's, but only the haziest notion of the matters at issue among the Chuzzlewits; yet I fear that the reader of a foreign translation of *Martin Chuzzlewit* might have a reverse impression of the book, which would mean that he had failed to grasp its real *raison d'être*. This may explain the rather depreciatory tone of Zweig's essay on Dickens.

That, despite all this, Dickens is emphatically a world-novelist seems almost a miracle. But the miracle is that of intensely human genius, which shines out even in the passages that we regard as least satisfactory, and which even manages to convey to foreign minds something of the quality we think of as incommunicably English. After all, we Scots are largely foreigners so far as Dickens is concerned, and one of his attractions for me as a boy was the unfamiliarity of his vividly rendered atmosphere and settings.

Perhaps, indeed, intense admiration for the inimitable "humours" of Dickens may slightly blind us to the central glow of humanity that infuses his work. That is what has warmed and won the heart of the world. The foreigner might miss here and there a deliciously quaint turn in the diction or behaviour of Mr. Weller, Senior, Mrs. Jarley, Mrs. Gamp, Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Micawber, or Joe Gargery. But he

might be all the more conscious of the intense naturalness, individuality, and self-consistency of all such figures; and he would appreciate also the atmospheric outlines of their characters, merging with human nature in general, and not tied up within the limits of their respective "types," as are the characters of Balzac, who, though his social and intellectual range is far bigger than Dickens's, is in comparison artificial and mechanical.

Balzac's view of life is static and fatalistic. Dickens's is dynamic and progressive. Society, for him, was not simply a subject for portrayal and dissection. It was a subject for diagnosis and treatment. He was not a social anatomist. He was a social physician and surgeon. Every one of his really live characters is a human "case," and he would risk artistic blunders rather than pronounce it hopeless. His incurably bad people are either mere gargoyles or automata, like Quilp, Ralph Nickleby, the Brasses, or Carker; or else, like Bill Sikes or Jonas Chuzzlewit, they are presented as the products of bad training and a bad social order.

Always there was the powerfully conveyed "lesson." Many a burglar must have been cured of murderous intent by reading *Oliver Twist*, many a hypocrite must have ta'en a thocht on beholding Pecksniff or Heep. Dickens believed in conversion because he believed in human nature. It was not only the criminal or the sinner who had to be converted, but also society, which means the ordinary human being in his social relations. What was chiefly wrong with the world was not original sin, but bad social organisation, the result, mainly, of false standards, which, again, were due to mental indolence and the lack of love.

Had Dickens merely preached all this, his name would have been unknown to us. He bodied it forth in brilliantly creative form, so that the most didactic of writers was read only for entertainment and amusement, and people would read him when they were too ill or weak or miserable to read anyone else. He is among the greatest of therapeutic soul-physicians, because, in representing so enthrallingly the free play of human nature in various circumstances of ordinary life, he contrives to convey an impression of its inherent fineness and goodness, and of the urgent need for more and yet more of things within the command of every human being: intelligence and sympathy.

If the English-speaking peoples remain immune from the mental plague that is raging in a large part of Europe, it will have been largely owing to the tonic influence of a great novelist whose uniquely fertile, zestful, and original genius was kindled into full creative activity by love for his fellow-men.

PRESENTATION TO MISS ROZA GRAY

At the annual Pickwick Supper of the Sheffield Branch, attended by one hundred members, Miss Roza Gray, who has been actively connected with the branch since 1912, and its Hon. Secretary during the past six years, was presented with a full tea service and a calf leather handbag, as a mark of the appreciation of the members.

BY CANDLE LIGHT

By DOROTHY A. MONRO

"THE butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker," so ran the old rhyme. The butcher and baker are still prominent factors in the life of to-day, but in this age of electricity and modern lighting, the candle-stick maker now plies his trade merely for ornamental and religious purposes. What a great past have candles had, for they have flickered and gleamed, shone on mirth and gladness, flickered in gloom and sadness, all down the ages.

The delicate light of candles as used on the stage in the seventeenth century conjures up visions of those past-famed beauties whose eyes made the lighted candles look dim; of Garrick stepping into the wings while the flame of the candles shook and flickered from the applause; of Peg Woffington and her associates exchanging compliments in the green room lit up by candles.

From the world of drama we come to the world of letters, for candles have always been associated with reading and writing. Meredith Nicholson has given us his "House of a Thousand Candles," and Charles Lamb's eulogy of the candle here comes to mind:

> "Hail, candle-light! Without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindliest luminary of the three."

Poets, too, have sung the candle's praise, and in his "Garden of Verse" Stevenson has delighted many a child with his "In winter I get up at night and dress by yellow candle-light."

There are many references to candles in fiction, and it will perhaps be interesting to note the part they play in the novels of Dickens.

One of the early recollections of David Copperfield is being seated by Peggotty's side as she sewed, her fascinating work-box before her, with its sliding lid with a view of St. Paul's Cathedral painted on the top; the little house with the thatched roof where the yard measure lived, and the little bit of "wax candle which she kept for her thread."

When the tragedy came to the old boat-house home and Mr. Peggotty was about to start on his weary search, his last instructions were that a candle should be stood in the window every night, so that if ever Em'ly should see it, it would seem to say: "Come back, my child, come back!"

One of the mistakes which Dickens made in *The Pickwick Papers* has to do with a candle. He makes Mr. Pickwick light a candle twice. When staying in the Royal Crescent, Bath, Mr. Pickwick, after saying good-night to his landlady, found a manuscript in the drawer of his inkstand. "Seeing that it was no private document, and as it seemed to relate to Bath, and was very short, Mr. Pickwick unfolded it, lighted his bedroom candle that it might burn up well by the time he finished, and drawing his chair nearer the fire read 'The True Legend of Prince Bladud.' Mr. Pickwick yawned several times when he arrived at the end of his little manuscript, carefully refolded and replaced it in the inkstand drawer, and then with a countenance expressive of the

utmost weariness, lighted his chamber candle and went upstairs to bed."

Another incident in Mr. Pickwick's career in which a couple of candles figure, will be readily remembered. As he was retiring for the night at the inn at Ipswich, he found he had left his watch in the coffee room. He went down to recover it, and returned to what he believed to be his room. " His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the drafts of air through which he had passed, and sank into the socket as he closed the door after him." Mr. Pickwick went to bed in the dark, but was soon interrupted by " the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the table, and set down the light upon it." I need give no detailed account here of that unfortunate incident. That the unblemished character of Mr. Pickwick should have been jeopardised by his thus finding himself in bed in the room of a middle-aged lady, is an example of the dire events that guttering candles may bring.

A candle also figured in the unlucky adventure which befell Mr. Winkle at Bath. Arriving late one night in a sedan chair from a party, Mrs. Dowler found the link boy and the chair-man unable to arouse her sleeping husband. The noise, however, awakened Mr. Winkle, who, donning his dressing gown and slippers, threw the door wide open and holding a candle above his head stared eagerly before him. At that instance there came a gust of wind ; the light was blown out ; Mr. Winkle was forced out on to the steps, and the door blew to with a loud crash. Shivering with the cold, and hearing people coming round the Crescent, Mr. Winkle threw away the extinguished candle which all this time he had held above his head, and fairly bolted into the sedan chair in which Mrs. Dowler was seated. The noise awakened the landlady, who arriving at the window in time to see Mr. Winkle rushing into the chair, raised a vehement and dismal shriek, imploring Mr. Dowler to get up directly, for his wife " was running away with another gentleman."

In the opening chapter of *Bleak House* we read that the light in the Court of Chancery was dim in the fog " with wasting candles here and there."

Oliver Twist, walking to London, was taken by the Artful Dodger to a house near Field Lane. There seemed to be some watchword or signal that all was right, for the light of a feeble candle gleamed on the wall at the remote end of the passage, and presently Oliver was conducted into Fagin's room where there was a deal table before the fire upon which stood two or three pewter pots, a loaf of bread, some butter, and a candle stuck in a ginger beer bottle.

When Pecksniff was accused by Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit of being a hypocrite, who can forget that good gentleman's unctious reply : " Charity, my dear, when I take my chamber candle-stick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit, who has done me an injustice."

So great was the havoc wrought by the charms of Miss Charity Pecksniff upon the sentimental Mr. Moddle, that upon the fourteenth

night of her sojourn at Todgers's, " he kissed the snuffers of Miss Charity's candle-stick as she retired to bed, meaning to have kissed her hand, but missing it."

In the home of Miss Havisham " certain wintry candles on the high chimney-piece faintly lighted the chamber, or it would be more expressive to say, faintly troubled its darkness," making more ghost-like that awful room with its cobweb-covered bridal cake, its faded flowers, and the yellowing bridal finery of the tragic bride.

In *A Christmas Carol* we read that " candles were flaring in the windows of the neighbouring offices like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air," while Scrooge's clerk " put on his white comforter and tried to warm himself at the candle ; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed."

We can leave fiction and finish on an incident in Dickens's own life. Mamie Dickens says that one evening her father was reading in his study by the light of a candle on a small table near him. Suddenly the candle went out. He relighted it, but a few minutes later the light grew dim. He turned round just in time to see his cat put out the candle with its paw. The appealing look which accompanied this act made Dickens close his book and amuse his favourite cat until bedtime.

And so when we turn to the pages of Dickens we see candles that gleam and flicker upon scenes of comfort and squalor, mirth, and sadness, drawn by a master hand that could find :

> " Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

A CONTEMPORARY OPINION 1838

The Earl of Ilchester, in his most interesting " Chronicles of Holland House," already noticed in *The Dickensian*, quotes the following extract from a letter of Henry Fox, son of Lady Holland :

> " I am very glad you did not send me *Nicholas Nickleby*, as I daresay I should not be more successful in reading that, than in getting thro' the more celebrated and admired of that author's works. I agree completely with what Lord Carlisle said about them, ' I know there are such unfortunate beings as pickpockets and street walkers. I am very sorry for it and very much shocked at their mode of life, but I own I do not much wish to hear what they say to one another.' I think it painful and revolting ; and all that is humorous seems to me so forced and the style so bombast and mock heroic, that I cannot get on with it. I know that the works are just now in such favour and popularity, that few there are who venture to express an unfavourable opinion of them, and for a moment I am in a very small minority ; but I suspect, when the novelty and the fashion of admiring them has worn off, they will sink to their proper level."

DICKENSIAN PEEPS INTO "PUNCH"

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR

XIII.

DICKENS was never a contributor to "Punch"—strange as it may seem—the leading humorist of his time, the close friend of its editor, and in personal touch with such prominent members of the staff as Douglas Jerrold, John Leech, Gilbert à Beckett, and John Tenniel. Moreover, the proprietors were Bradbury and Evans, who, for some seventeen years after its inception, were his publishers. Dickens, however, was a member of the Punch Club, which admitted a select few of "outside" men, and attended many of its meetings at the Crown Inn, Vinegar Yard; and later he was present at many of the far-famed weekly "Punch" dinners.

It is also recorded that he was a guest of the proprietors in 1863 to view the procession on the occasion of the wedding of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII).

But if Dickens never was in fact a direct contributor to "Punch" it may be positively asserted that in an indirect manner he holds the record as the longest lived contributor; for as we have shown in the preceding twelve articles, there has never been a year since 1844 that Dickens has not lent a charm to this Peter Pan of periodical publications.

Dickens's portrait has appeared on two occasions; the first in the Centenary year—when he was happily linked with Thackeray—the paid contributor and the unpaid. Raven Hill's drawing is reproduced on the next page. The next occasion was at Christmas, 1924, at about the commencement of the time when it became customary with a certain section of the public to spend Christmas away from home. The cartoon, the work of Sir Bernard Partridge, was reproduced in the 1938 volume of *The Dickensian*, page 1.

In the year 1849 the public generally was much concerned over the dirty condition of the water in the River Thames, which was the only source of supply available for London. This inspired Dickens to send to "Punch" a short contribution dealing with the subject. The MS. was discovered by Joseph Hatton among the papers of Mark Lemon; it is endorsed in Lemon's writing "Dickens's only contribution to 'Punch.'" A reproduction of the MS. was included by Kitton in his "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," and later by Mr. Spielmann in his "History of Punch." Neither could discover whereabouts this contribution had been printed in the pages of "Punch," and my own searches have not been any more successful.

This may prove to be the only piece of writing by Dickens during the years of his fame that was declined by an editor. It is very desirable therefore that it should be preserved in the pages of *The Dickensian*.

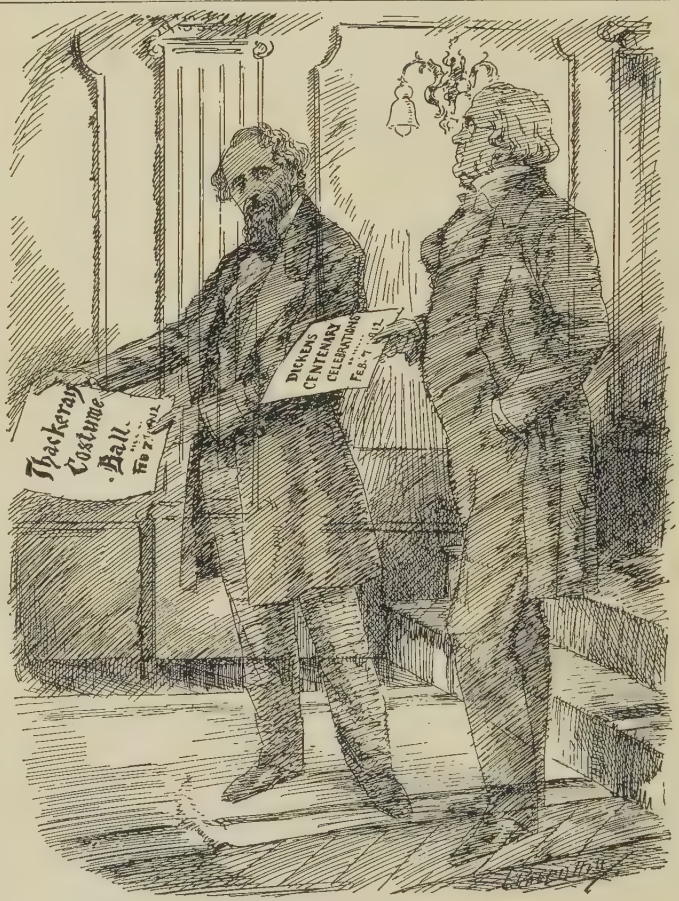
"DREADFUL HARDSHIPS

ENDURED BY THE SHIPWRECKED CREW OF 'THE LONDON' CHIEFLY FOR WANT OF WATER.

In this deplorable condition cast away upon that desolate and

frightful region called The Suburbs the aspect of which might well appal the stoutest heart, our sufferings for want of water are scarcely imaginable. Cleanliness, either in our persons, or in our huts or

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 7, 1912.



THE IMMORTALS.

SHADES OF DICKENS AND THACKERAY (*to one another*). "MANY CONGRATULATIONS! I SHALL BE WITH YOU IN SPIRIT."

[On February 7th, being the 100th anniversary of the birth of DICKENS, a ball is to be given in honour of THACKERAY.]

Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch"

clothing, was totally impossible. All the water, if it may be called such, that we had, was an intermittent and irregular leakage of liquid filth (into a small foul butt) tainted with every description of poisonous and putrescent matter. Swarming with marine monsters, loathsome to the sight, odious to the taste, offensive to the smell. To aggravate

our sufferings, a savage of a hostile tribe made his appearance among us regularly once a quarter—derided our complaints and cruelly tomahawked some of our miserable companions. The name of the wretch was War-Taw-Rate-Col-Lec-Taw. How often did our thoughts revert to our own dear civilised land, and its freedom from such intolerable evils.—Journal of the surviving sufferers."

The manuscript of this unaccepted contribution was sold at Sotheby's in July, 1889, for the sum of £16.

Leech's Cartoon on the bad state of London's Water, 8th December, 1849

As a reason for the non-insertion of Dickens's paragraph we can only surmise that the Editor thought the matter could be better dealt with pictorially; for we find that on October 7th, 1848, there was a cartoon entitled "Dirty Father Thames," and on December 8th, 1849, a cartoon by Leech, "The City Narcissus," which we reproduce.

On the death of Dickens, a tribute in verse such as "Punch" is wont to pay to the departed great, appeared in the issue of June 18th, 1870, and the following week there was a further tribute, evoked by the moving scene which had followed the interment in the Abbey.

Both pieces were the work of E. J. Milliken, and as neither have been reprinted in *The Dickensian*, we take this opportunity of reproducing them in these pages.

Charles Dickens

(Born February 7, 1812. Died June 9, 1870.)

WHILE his life's lamp seemed clearest, most intense,
A light of wit and love to great and small,
By the dark angel he is summoned hence,
To solve the mightiest mystery of all!

Hearing that he has passed beyond the veil,
Before the Judge who metes to men their dues,
Men's cheeks, through English-speaking lands, turn pale,
Far as the speaking wires can bear the news—

Blanched at this sudden snapping of a life,
That seemed of all our lives to hold a share;
So were our memories with his fancies rife,
So much of *his* thought *our* thoughts seemed to bear.

Charles Dickens dead ! It is as if a light
In every English home were quenched to-day ;
As if a face all knew had passed from sight,
A hand all loved to press were turned to clay.

Question who will his power, its range, its height,
His wisdom, insight,—this at least we know,
All in his love's warmth and his humour's light
Rejoiced and revelled,—old, young, high or low—

Learned, unlearned—from the boy at school
To the judge on the bench, none read but owned
The large heart o'er which the large brain held rule,
The fancy by whose side clear sense sat throned,

The observation that made all its own,
The shaping faculty that breathed life's breath
In types, all felt they knew and still had known,
Life-like, except that they are safe from death.

Since Shakespeare's, where the pen that so hath lent
Substance to airy nothings of the brain,
His fancies seem with men's experience blent,
Till to take each for other we are fain ?

And who that ever wielded such a power
Used it so purely, to such Christian end,
Used it to quicken the millennial hour,
When rich to poor shall be as friend to friend ?

Who can say how much of that love's pure leaven
That leavens now the lump of this our world,
With influence as of a present Heaven,
Like light athwart chaotic darkness hurled,

May be traced up to springs by him unsealed,
To clods by him stirred round affection's roots,
To hearts erst hard, but by his fires annealed
To softness whereof Love's works are the fruits.

Mourn, England, for another great one gone
To join the great ones who have gone before—
And put a universal mourning on,
Where'er sea breaks on English-speaking shore.

His works survive him, and his works' work too—
Of love and kindness and good will to men,
Hate of the wrong, and reverence of the true,
And war on all that shuns truth's eagle-ken.

Earth's two chief nations mourners at his tomb :
Their memories for his monument : their love
For his reward. Such is his glorious doom,
Whom mortal praise or blame no more shall move !

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES DICKENS

He sleeps as he should sleep—among the great
In the old Abbey: sleeps amid the few
Of England's famous thousands whose high state
Is to lie with her monarchs—monarchs too.

Monarchs, who men's minds 'neath their sway could bring
By might of wit and humour, wisdom, lore,
Music of spoken line or sounded string,
Or Art that lives when artists are no more.

His grave is in this heart of England's heart,
This shrine within her shrine: and all around
Is no name but in Letters or in Art
Sounds as the names of the immortal sound.

Of some, the ashes lie beside his dust,
Of some, but marble forms and names are here:
But grave or cenotaph—remains or bust—
They will find place for thee, their latest peer.

Make room, oh tuneful Handel, at thy feet;
Make room, oh witty Sheridan, at thy head;
Shift, Johnson, till thou leave him grave-space meet;
Garrick, whose art he loved, press to him dead.

Macaulay, many-sided mind, receive
By thine, the frame that housed a mind as keen
To take an impress, or an impress leave,
From things, or on things, read or heard, or seen.

Welcome, oh Addison, with calm, wise face,
His coming, who has peopled English air
With types of humour, tenderness, and grace,
Than which thine own are less rich and more rare.

Thou, too, his brother of our time, last lost,
Thackeray, bend thy brow with kindly cheer
On him, thy comrade, wave-worn, tempest-tost,
Who, from life's voyage, comes to harbour here.

All the more welcome that he seeks his rest
Without the pomps that follow great ones' ends—
No mourners save the natural ones that prest
About the father's coffin or the friend's;

No sable train with plume, and plate, and pall;
No long parade of undertaker's woe;
Scarfed mutes, and feathered hearse, and coursers tall—
All that bemocks the grave with hollow show.

Humbly they brought him in the summer morn,
Humbly and hopefully they laid him down.
And on the plate that tells when dead, when born,
His children's love, like England's, lays a crown.

GEMS FROM "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY"

Heaven suits the back to the burden.

* * * * *

Poverty should engender an honest pride.

* * * * *

The beauty of the earth is but a breath, and man is but a shadow.

* * * * *

What is a little poverty and suffering to the disgrace of the lowest and most inhuman cowardice ?

* * * * *

Things that are changed or gone, will come back as they used to be, thank God, in sleep.

* * * * *

Spite is a little word, but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords, as any polysyllable in the language.

* * * * *

It is extraordinary how long a man may look among a crowd without discovering the face of a friend, but it is no less true.

* * * * *

Mystery and disappointment are not absolutely indispensable to the growth of love, but they are very often its principal auxiliaries.

* * * * *

Time is money, and very good money too, to those who reckon interest by it.

* * * * *

Words of sympathy and love—the sweetest a father's ear can know, or a child's lips form.

* * * * *

The expression of a man's face is commonly a help to his thoughts, or a glossary of his speech.

* * * * *

There is a quality which all men have in common with the angels, the blessed opportunity of exercising it if they will—mercy.

* * * * *

There are not a few among the disciples of charity who require in their own vocation scarcely less excitement than the votaries of pleasure in theirs.

* * * * *

May not the complaint that common people are above their station often take its rise in the fact of uncommon people being below theirs ?

* * * * *

Parents who never showed their love, complain of want of natural affection in their children—children who never showed their duty complain of want of natural feeling in their parents.

* * * * *

Is selfishness a necessary ingredient in the composition of that passion called love, or does it deserve all the fine things which poets, in the exercise of their undoubted vocation have said of it ?

* * * * *

Young ladies will look forward to being married, and will jostle each other in the race to the altar, and will avail themselves of all the opportunities of displaying their own attractions to the best advantage, down to the very end of time as they have done from the beginning.

DICKENS AND THESE TIMES

7th March, 1939.

To the Editor of *The Dickensian*.

Sir,

A note of protest from a distinguished Dickensian having been appended by you to Professor Charles Sarolea's article on " Dickens and the Slogans of Democracy " (Spring number, 1939), it will appear to many of your readers that Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross's disapproval of the Professor's views has thus received a semi-editorial endorsement.* I trust that the present writer's objections to Mr. Brookes Cross's views will receive a treatment no less hospitable.

Professor Sarolea's object was to show that Dickens, had he lived in the year of grace 1939, would have bitterly opposed the teachings of Karl Marx and Lenin and their destructive effects on all human Society and Civilisation.

No Dickensian, of course, can entertain any doubt as to the severity of the castigation which the Squire of Gad's Hill and the author of *A Christmas Carol* would have inflicted on the fundamental principles of Communism: negation of the right of private property and denunciation of all Spiritual Faith as " opium for the people."

When his enemies accused him of fomenting class hatred, Dickens never failed to resent and repudiate the accusation. The notion of class warfare was abhorrent to Dickens; it is meat and drink to Socialists of all shades of crimson.

Very possibly Dickens would not have approved of the fascist and nazi doctrines as carried out to their present extremes, but he would most certainly have admired many of the social and economic reforms recently carried out in Italy and Germany. Above all, he would not have failed to recognise that " totalitarian " excesses are the inevitable outcome of the bloody tyranny which has reduced Russia to barbarism and hopeless misery, and the natural reaction of healthy peoples against a pestilence fatal alike to body and soul.

Dickens, as we know him from his books and letters, would have been the first to proclaim that *true* democracy will never flourish while Marxism continues to exist as a danger to mankind, or as long as the so-called friends of " Peace and Liberty " sympathise and ally themselves with the tyrants of the Kremlin or the butchers of Madrid and Barcelona.

In their preface to a recent translation of the *Pickwick Papers*, the paid scribes of Josef Stalin denounced Dickens as the typical

[*Count de Suzannet is not correct in his assumption. We are always most desirous of presenting the truest possible picture. It was for that reason that when Mr. Brookes Cross read the article in proof and expressed his opinion that it was not suitable for our pages, we pointed out to him that it was the report of an address delivered to a branch of the Dickens Fellowship by one who was fully qualified to speak on the subject, and that if he had any comments to make, we would willingly print them as a commentary to the article.—Editor.]

bourgeois capitalist of his day. And very rightly, too: Dickens was a Capitalist. He believed that private capital should be productive of private income, and even in the early years of *Pickwick* and *Nickleby* we find him at great pains to lay out his capital at the highest possible legal interest consistent with security. Throughout his life Dickens was preoccupied with the acquisition of money and the bequeathing of money to his descendants. How sacred he held the notion of property whether inherited or produced by work, what a lover he was of order, cleanliness, and discipline in the home and outside it. conscientious readers of his complete correspondence must be well aware.

On the subject of social agitators, Dickens took no uncertain stand when he opposed the kind and noble Stephen Blackpool to the infamous Slackbridge. Our modern Slackbridges, the " constitutionally elected " leaders (of the Opposition), would have received short shrift from the man who did not hesitate to say and write what he thought of Palmerston, Disraëli, or the House of Commons.

Nor can I discover any irrelevancy in Professor Sarolea's denunciation of parlour bolsheviks, those false prophets of " Irreligion," the Chadbands and Honeythunders of the twentieth century.

In 1937 was published a volume entitled " The Progress of a Radical " (not unfavourably reviewed in *The Dickensian*, I regret to say, although quite worthless as an essay on Dickens). The author of this masterpiece, feeling himself unable to reconcile Dickens's love of the poor with his horror of the tobacco-spitting " Republican " of the great United States, explained such a bourgeois lapse by the influence exerted by Mrs. Dickens, a " fastidious, very genteel person," over the unfortunate author of *Martin Chuzzlewit* ! ! ! Therein lies, as in the proverbial nutshell, the good sense and good faith of the ordinary socialist commentator (not to be confounded with such honest and able Dickensians as the late Edwin Pugh !).

Some of my closest relatives, Mr. Editor, have been ruined, imprisoned, and murdered by order of Lenin and Trotzky. Some of my best friends, including women and young girls, have been tortured and put to death by the " republicans " of Madrid and San Sebastian. As a Frenchman, I have been in a position to study closely the moral and material damage inflicted on my country by the " popular front " government of Léon Blum. These circumstances (together with some knowledge of Dickens) have provided me with abundant " chapter and verse," in support of Professor Sarolea's " purported assumptions " and " hypothetical views " and, ever at Mr. Brookes Cross's service,

I remain, Sir,

Yours very truly,

A. de Suzannet.

[I have to thank the Rev. Charles H. Steel, of Linthorpe, and Mr. W. R. Anderson, of Brighton, for their letters; both think that Professor Sarolea's address, being mainly political, and not in harmony with the peaceful spirit of the Fellowship, should not have been reported

in these pages. As I explained personally to Mr. Brookes Cross at the time he raised his protest, there are so many who ask, What would Dickens's reaction be to present-day politics, that the opinions of one so well versed in his subject as Professor Sarolea, expressed at a meeting of the Edinburgh Branch to which he had been specially invited to speak on the subject, were, in my opinion, worth preserving in these pages, and that had any other person of similar standing held contrary views I would have gladly printed it; for neither the Fellowship nor its magazine should close the door to any student of Dickens and these times, even though he may happen to express views contrary to accepted opinions. Mr. Rathmell Wilson sends me an interesting letter in which he says he thinks Professor Sarolea's article "most desirable, because Socialists so often claim that 'Dickens was one of us' because of that sympathy with the unfortunate which they are too apt to imagine (or pretend to imagine) goes only with a red tie."

The thirteen weeks' lapse between the publication of each number of this magazine does not make it the best vehicle for discussion, and further comments on this aspect of Dickens are not invited.—THE EDITOR.]

THE BROADSTAIRS DICKENS FESTIVAL

THE Broadstairs Dickens Festival appears to have settled down into an annual affair, and more attractions than ever are to be crowded into the three days, July 20th, 21st, 22nd. A costume ball, a Pickwickian cricket match, Dickensian fashion parade, and an alfresco evening in the old world gardens of Pierremont Park, form part of an attractive programme. But perhaps the chief event of the week is the play "Nicholas Nickleby"—very happily chosen—to be performed each evening. It has been written by Miss Gladys Waterer, who was responsible for the two previous very successful adaptations.

Broadstairs is at its best during the last two weeks in July, and well deserves the great influx of Dickens lovers, which we feel sure it will receive during this period.

DICKENS AND MARK TWAIN COMPARED

"BOTH Mark Twain and Charles Dickens go to the roots of the perennia human problem why do we do it? Their fundamental sense of humanity unites them," said Prof. Roy Daniels, speaking to the Winnipeg Branch at their January meeting. "Both came of poor families, with 'feckless fathers,' who were always, like Micawber, 'waiting for something to turn up' but never did anything practical about it. Both were of the nineteenth century, tempered by the predominant humanitarianism of the time. Both were irresistibly drawn to see prisons, horrors, torture instruments. Both were obsessed by the irony of men proclaiming liberty and keeping slaves. Both wanted to get rid of suffering and believed that by writing about it they could do so."

THE RUGBY BRANCH at their annual meeting stated that their Tiny Tim Cot Fund stood at £239 9*s.* 5*d.*, their Victorian Pennies scheme alone bringing in £25 15*s.* 9*d.*

CLOTHES AS AN INDEX TO CHARACTER

By WILLIAM CROSBY BENNETT

AMONG his numerous methods of delineation, Dickens demonstrates a most remarkable cleverness in dressing up his fiction folk. To him a matter of clothes was generally an index to characterisation, and, like oddity of face or feature, eccentricity of motion or physique he makes what was worn play an important part in arousing our pity, our laughter, or our disgust. There was, however, one outstanding exception to this rule. He was usually inclined to regard the relationship of dress to dignity rather dubiously. In *Oliver Twist* he writes "There are some promotions in life, which, independent of the more substantial rewards they offer, acquire peculiar value and dignity from the coats and waistcoats connected with them. A field-marshal has his uniform; a bishop his silk apron; a counsellor his silk gown; a beadle his cocked hat. Strip the bishop of his apron, or the beadle of his hat and lace; what are they? Men. Mere men. Dignity, and even holiness, too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine."

Granting all this is true, there are nevertheless scores of his characters skilfully clothed and adorned to give clever finishing touches to individual characterisation. One is Miss Lucretia Tox, who had modest ambitions to succeed the first Mrs. Dombey. Placing Miss Lucretia to pine in single blessedness within a dingy tenement, in a dark little house, squeezed into a fashionable neighbourhood where it is looked down upon by the mighty mansions round the corner, Dickens proceeds to adorn the disappointed spinster. Her dress, though perfectly genteel and good, had a certain character of angularity and scantiness. She was accustomed to wear odd weedy little flowers in her bonnets and caps. Strange grasses were sometimes perceived in her hair; and it was observed by the curious, of all her collars, frills, tuckers, wrist-bands, and other gossamer articles—indeed of everything she wore which had two ends to it intended to unite—that the two ends were never on good terms, and wouldn't quite meet without a struggle. She had furry articles for winter wear, such as tippets, boas, and muffs, which stood up on end in a rampant manner, and were not at all sleek. She was much given to carrying about small bags, with snaps in them, that went off like little pistols when they were shut; and when full-dressed, she wore round her neck the barrenest of lockets, representing a fishy old eye, with no approach to speculation in it. Is it any wonder that a figure thus clothed and ornamented failed of sex-appeal in the eyes of the widowed Dombey?

I have always particularly enjoyed that first glimpse, at the door to the instrument-maker's cosy back parlour, of Captain Edward Cuttle, dressed in his wide suit of blue, a loose black silk handkerchief about his neck, an expansive shirt collar standing up like a sail, and his round hat bearing so hard a glaze that the mere sight of it would have made a sympathetic person's head ache. What a subject for the illustrators! How many, such as "Phiz" of the old days, and Frank

Reynolds of our own day, have tried their hand at it ! And all because Dickens *clothed* that immortal character so vividly ! It is unqualified admiration for the genius of a man who could portray such figures that holds our Fellowship together, year after year, with ever increasing numbers.

With equal effectiveness Dickens clothes nearly all his principal characters, and, for that matter, many of his minor ones, too. Among the latter is Major Bagstock's servant (called by Miss Tox " the Native "), with ear-rings in his dark-brown ears, whose European clothes sat with outlandish impossibility of adjustment—being, of their own accord, and without any reference to the tailor's art, long where they ought to be short, short where they ought to be long, tight where they ought to be loose, and loose where they ought to be tight—and to which the Native imparted a new grace, whenever the Major scolded or swore at him, by shrinking into them like a shrivelled nut, or a cold monkey.

Another is mild, gentle, good-natured Joe Gargery, looking in his working clothes like a well-knit blacksmith of the usual kind, but, when dressed in his Sunday garb, at command of Mrs. Joe, nothing seems to fit or belong to him ; everything on such occasions *grazes* him, until he presents a picture of misery in a full suit of Sunday penitentials. A third is Mr. Barkis, in a new suit, of which the tailor had given him such good measure, that the cuffs would have rendered gloves unnecessary in the coldest weather, the collar so high it pushed his hair on end, and bright buttons of the largest size adorning the blue coat ; while buff waistcoat and drab pantaloons completed an attire which presented to young David Copperfield " a phenomenon of respectability " ; and surely you remember Mr. Jobling, of *Bleak House*, buttoned up closer than mere adornment might require, the rim of his hat having a peculiar glistening nature, as if it had been a snail-promenade, and the same phenomenon visible on some parts of his coat, particularly at the seams. Captain Jack Bunsby, too, in dreadnought pilot coat and trousers, whereof the waistband of the latter was so very broad and high, that it became a substitute for a waistcoat, and, being ornamented near the wearer's breastbone with some massive wooden buttons, like backgammon men, made the absence of that garment less conspicuous.

I shall never forget the amusing mental picture Montague Tigg presented to me when I made his acquaintance at the Blue Dragon Inn at Salisbury. In dress, the gentleman might have been classed as shabby-genteel, had not his fingers extended so long a way out of his gloves ; the soles of his boots such an inconvenient distance from the upper leather ; or his nether garments of a dingy grey been in so great a danger of flying asunder at the knees ; but his blue coat *was* of military cut, buttoned and frogged up to the chin, and yet his hat at such a pass that it would have been hard to determine whether it had originally been white or black.

What an interesting and absorbing pastime to select here and there those skilfully-drawn figures appropriately clothed to serve as indexes

to characterization ! Poor Barnaby, in crazy dress of green, clumsily trimmed with torn lace and faded ribbons, limp and broken peacock feathers trailing behind from his hat ; Dora Spenlow's father, with stiffest of white cravats and shirt-collars, and buttoned up so trim and tight he could hardly bend himself ; Dr. Strong, unbrushed and ungroomed ; Clemency Newcomb, in print gowns of hideous patterns and colours, and self-willed shoes that never wanted to go where her feet went ; Carker, the manager, tightly buttoned up, like Mr. Dombey ; Durdles, in coarse suit of flannel, with horn buttons ; Arthur Gride, with scanty trousers displaying his spindle-shanks ; Jaggers, the lawyer, in boots that creaked in a dry and suspicious way ; Alfred Jingle, wearing jauntily a second-hand, swallow-tailed coat, its soiled and faded sleeves scarcely reaching his wrists ; Mr. Lorry, his well-shaped legs, of which he was a little vain, always sleekly and closely fitted with stockings of fine texture ; Tom Pinch, in shrunken suit, twisted and tortured into all kinds of odd shapes by long wear ; Sairey Gamp, garbed in rusty black gown, rather the worse for snuff, and a shawl and bonnet to correspond ; and lastly (of the few mentioned), Mr. Samuel Pickwick, in the very neatest of dress and grooming, always wearing the tightest of breeches, and with gaiters like a lady's shoe-tops, buttoned snugly up to the calves of his legs.

To every true Dickensian Mr. Pickwick's eyes still beam and twinkle through a pair of the largest and roundest of spectacles, although that portly gentleman has been in retirement at his little villa for more than a hundred years.

MYSTERIES

1. What was it that Blandois was doing for Miss Wade ?—*Little Dorrit.*
2. What was the object of the journey on which the Marquis sent his nephew on a journey to England which resulted in a charge against him for high treason, and why did the uncle try to get him prosecuted—*A Tale of Two Cities.*
3. How was it that Mr. Jarndyce did not know that Esther's aunt was Lady Dedlock's sister ?—*Bleak House.*
4. What was John Harmon doing in the City every day, during his early married life ; was he still Mr. Boffin's Secretary ?—*Our Mutual Friend.*
5. What led Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Wardle to the White Hart in the Borough when they were searching for Jingle and Rachael Wardle ?—*Pickwick.*
6. How did Captain Cuttle manage financially the shop of Sol Gills, when he had only a small annuity to live on ?—*Dombey and Son.*
7. How did Nicholas Nickleby know that his Uncle had ten thousand pounds in a bank which had smashed the very morning when he made the dramatic rescue of Madeline Bray ?—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

W.C.B. in " The Birmingham Post."

THE SONG OF AUGUST

BY CHARLES DICKENS

[The authenticity of this "Song of the Month" which appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany" for August, 1837, is clearly established by the reference to the death of Mary Hogarth in the concluding verse. It is also referred to in an undated letter to Forster in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in which Dickens writes, "I am in an unpoetical state, and am hammering over this infernal song of the month, which will be a rum 'un." It has never been identified previously, or included in any collection of Dickens's works.—THE EDITOR.]

AUGUST, 1837

I

Of all the months in the twelve that fly
So lightly on, and noiselessly by,
There is not one who can show so fair
As this, with its soft and balmy air.
The light graceful corn waves to and fro,
Tinging the earth with its richest glow;
The forest trees in their state and might
Proclaim that Summer is at his height.

II

Of all the months in the twelve that speed
So quickly by, with so little heed
From man of the years that swiftly pass
As an infant's breath from a polished glass,
There is not one whose fading away
Bears such a lesson to mortal clay,
Warning us sternly, when in our prime,
To look for the withering winter time.

III

I stood by a young girl's grave last night,
Beautiful, innocent, pure and bright,
Who, in the bloom of her summer's pride,
With all its loveliness, drooped and died.
Since the sweetest flow'rs are soonest dust,
As truest metal is quick to rust,
Look for a change in that time of year,
When Nature's works at their best appear.

WHERE FOUND?

(*Answers to Questions on page* 146.)

1, G.E.; 2, O.M.F.; 3, B.R.; 4, B.H.; 5, N.N'.; 6, B.H.; 7, E.D.; 8, S. by B.; 9, L.D.; 10, M.C.; 11, P.P.; 12, P.P.; 13, D.C.; 14, M.C.; 15, B.H.; 16, C.C.; 17, N.N.; 18, B.R.; 19, O.T.; 20, P.P.; 21, E.D.; 22, D.C.; 23, H.T.; 24, G.E.; 25, D.C.; 26, G.E.; 27, D. & S.

A DICKENS SEAT IN THE NATIONAL THEATRE

There has been a gratifying response to this appeal, but the total to date is nearly £20 below the amount required (plus expenses). It is earnestly hoped that the deficiency will be made up by the time we publish the next *Dickensian*.

The amounts received to date, totalling £87 14*s.* 6*d.*, are as follows:

Five Guineas.—Mrs. E. T. Ward.

Two Guineas.—Sir Louis Sterling.

One Guinea each.—Mr. F. W. Ellis, Mr. A. F. Harrison, Miss Mabel Hodge, Mr. P. H. Jones, Mr. G. E. Sendell, Mr. Harry Fife, Mr. L. C. Staples, Sir H. Percy Shepherd, Mrs. S. Wilson, Sir William Power.

One Pound each.—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Billington, Lady Fox, Mr. C. W. Hett, Miss W. W. Burgess, Miss M. F. B. Barnett, Miss Hope Wickes, Mr. A. E. Schaaf.

Twelve Shillings.—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. L. Cole.

Half a Guinea each.—Mr. J. J. Mills, Mr. Geo. F. Young, Mr. J. W. Starkey, Mr. Dudley Elwes, Mr. Herbert Dunhill, Mr. Wm. A. Clark, Mrs. Hunt Hedley, Miss M. J. Wenyon, Mr. S. B. McClean, Mr. P. E. Waymark, The Reading Circle.

Ten Shillings each.—Mrs. O'Donover, Mr. G. H. Stuart-Bunning, Mr. Arthur Waugh, Mrs. Robertson, Mr. Walter H. Brown, Mr. Percy T. Carden, Mr. H. L. Bunn, Mr. H. Paton Walters, Miss W. J. Brindley, Mr. John H. Fountain, Mr. G. W. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone, Mr. Harold Currie, Mr. Ernest Stevens, Mr. E. Hoare, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Towell, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Smith, Major J. Knowles, Mr. Walter Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Shaw, Miss M. L. Blazeby, Mr. Alex. Inglis, Dr. N. A. Robb, Miss M. Blackwood, Sir Arthur Holbrook, Mr. W. A. Stephens, Miss H. D. Fuechsel, Mr. and Mrs. Wisdom, Lt.-Col. W. M. H. Spiller, Mr. Wm. Dike Reed.

Eight Shillings.—January Westminster Ramble.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. Mostyn Harper.

Six Shillings and Sixpence.—Miss F. Minns.

Five Shillings each.—Mrs. Beetlestone, Mr. H. S. Chorley, Mr. H. T. Hynes, Miss B. Tocher, Rev. F. Fleetwood Buss, Miss F. J. Till, Mr. T. H. Carter, Miss G. Lindsay, Miss M. Brothers, Mr. E. Kilburn Scott, Miss M. M. Fowler, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, Mrs. Herring, Mr. R. Martin Bates, Miss B. Beagley, Mr. S. J. Rust, Miss M. Davies, Miss H. Sharpe, Miss L. M. A. Hall, Sister Nancie Bell, Miss I. M. Purnell, Miss H. E. Mackintosh, Mr. Gilbert Foyle, Rev. M. Hardey, Mrs. Harris, Miss E. M. Bamford, Miss M. J. E. Griffin, Mr. P. G. Wilkins, Mr. A. R. Rule, Miss Sich, Mr. E. Dale, Mr. F. C. Creak, Mr. Charles Ross, Mrs. Wolfe, Mrs. A. Oliver, Miss E. M. Ironside, Mrs. Matthews, Miss M. Mann, Mrs. A. F. Simpson, Miss E. Smith, Miss K. Skinner, Mrs. Parsons, Mr. W. W. Boucher, Miss Sara T. Newton, Mr. P. C. Williams, Miss E. Uridge, Miss E. Ridgway, Mr. Roland Huth, Miss B. Lambert, Miss Laura Godfree, Miss D. Strachan, Miss W. Strachan, Mr. Austin Young, Lt.-Col. W. L. Gadd, Miss A. Campbell.

Four Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. Frank Staff.

Four Shillings each.—Miss Dutch, Mr. Rathmell Wilson, Miss E. A. Pearson, Mrs. Williams-Ellis, Miss C. L. Paterson, Rev. C. Wray, Miss Peggy Webling, Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross, Miss W. Bothwell, Mrs. M. Seymour Pritchard, Miss J. F. Laking, Miss H. K. Campbell, Mr. W. F. Baldry, Miss O. G. A. Smith, Miss Esther Hayes, Mr. J. R. Horniblow, Mrs. F. H. Glanville, Miss F. Jolly, Mr. A. W. Kiddy, Miss May S. Jeffery, Miss Hotten, Miss G. L. Biden, Mr. S. G. Sawyer, Miss A. Tate, Miss E. Hughes, Miss C. Wyman, Miss L. Wyman, Mrs. Jordan, Miss P. B. Mills, Mrs. F. M. Peebles, Mr. Peter H. Troy, Mr. G. Mylne-Barker, Miss Bovingdon, Miss K. Kelly, Miss K. Whatton, Mrs. E. Bevan, Miss L. E. Godden, Miss B. E. Negus, Mrs. Bacon, Miss Hellier, Mr. W. E. Rawnsley.

Three Shillings and Sixpence.—Miss Annie Bennett.

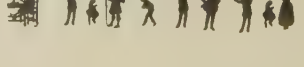
Half-a-crown each.—Mrs. Newcombe, Miss Cockell, Mr. O. D. Savage, Miss E. H. Miller, Mrs. Jeal, Mrs. Gwen Major, Miss G. Webster, Miss N. E. Perry, Miss K. Ossenton, Miss M. Ossenton, Anon.

Two Shillings each.—Miss S. D. Chinnock, Mrs. Lavis.

One Shilling and Sixpence.—Mr. W. J. Piper.

BRANCH CONTRIBUTIONS:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Whitstable	1	1	6
St. Pancras	1	1	0
Southampton	1	1	0
Sheffield	1	0	0
Bromley	4	0	0
Hatfield	1	11	6
Woodville	0	10	6
Manchester	1	1	0
Redditch	0	10	6
Victoria	1	0	0
Wellingborough	1	10	0
Plymouth	0	10	6
Hackney	0	10	0
Leyton	1	1	0



THE VALUE OF DICKENS, HERE AND NOW

By ALFRED NOYES, LL.D., Litt.D.*

NOT long before the death of Rudyard Kipling, I received a letter from him in which he said that Dickens had always been one of the gods of his idolatry; and that, curiously enough, as time went on Dickens seemed to grow more and more modern.

There is a subtle truth in that observation about the real modernity of Dickens which suggests, among other things, that—if the fulfilment of a need be the test of a writer's value—there can be no doubt of the value of Dickens here and now. The world has never been in such tragic need of his great, generous, and gentle heart, his broad and deep humanity; his tenderness for the weak, and the tremendously effective power of his whole-souled anger at cruelty and oppression.

Even those who have been most pessimistic about the boasted progress of our century, must have been surprised by one development —the rapidly increasing callousness and cruelty of a large part of the world that claims to be civilised. It is noticeable in many departments of life. Part of it is due to the inhuman mechanisation of the world, and it leaps to the eye in the appalling records of our own children slaughtered by our own motor traffic, records running into tens and hundreds of thousands, which the world reads with a shrug of the shoulders, between two cigarettes, recognising its own helpless subjection to the machine.

A more positive form of this callousness and cruelty is noticeable in some of the mad and meaningless distortions of pseudo-modern art and literature. It seems often to be the work of men and women half crazy with vanity, sometimes suffering from persecution mania, and filled with a malicious desire to destroy the great achievements of their predecessors. But their chief impulse is to hurt, and to trample on all the natural human affections. One of the favourite adjectives in book advertisements to-day is the word "brutal," used deliberately to attract a debased instinct.

We live in a busy world and diseases of this kind sometimes spread through the mental atmosphere almost unnoticed until it is too late. It is absolutely certain that what may be called the confused revolt, in art and literature, of the lower faculties against the higher (a process exactly comparable with what happens when a man goes to pieces morally, and equally destructive of all real meaning and purpose) together with the loss of religion and the growth of materialistic paganism, is the root cause of the ghastly predicament in which the mind of Western Europe finds itself to-day. It is thought that rules the world; and if the thought is fundamentally distorted and all its values turned upside down, disaster is bound to follow.

Sections of the more sophisticated public of to-day, especially the connoisseurs in what may be called literary and artistic poison, seem to be almost unaware of the existence of the values that count for

* Delivered at the Guildhall, Portsmouth, 28th April, 1939.

most in the real lives of normal human beings—the affections that bind the family and the nation together. But it should be noted that these values, these affections are essentially of the individual human being. The brutalities usually belong either to the sub-human animal plane, the undifferentiated mass or to the blind machine, the totalitarian monster, which recognises neither God above it, nor individual souls within it. In the latter case the brutality is almost unconscious ; for it is often the by-product of a false ideology, in which brutality is again confused with strength. In this case, the obliteration of individual differences (*the exact reverse of the evolutionary process*) is regarded as the glory of the State.

Dickens was the novelist of the individual, in all his or her diversities. He discovered the wealth of fantastic diversity that lurks beneath the common garb of mankind. But he was more " modern " than that, though the pseudo-moderns have not discovered it. Read the opening of *Edwin Drood*, and you will see how Dickens, almost alone, made exactly the right use in the right circumstances, of that stream of sub-conscious experience which has been so be-fouled and muddied by the clumsy feet of the pseudo-moderns. But it is the value of the individuals, the single separate persons rescued from that blind stream, aroused, awake and alive to the human affections of the world around them that is important to Dickens, as it is to the Creator of those individuals.

At this grave time, when we may almost ask ourselves whether Europe is not in danger of being de-humanised, in danger of losing the values that have distinguished us from beasts or devils, the memory of the great human kindliness of Dickens—the best beloved of all English writers—comes like a breath of redeeming sanity through the raucous yelling of a mad-house. It is one of the reassuring signs of the fundamental soundness of our own people that—whatever the superior fashions of the over-sophisticated may dictate—millions of volumes of Dickens are still read every year by multitudes of the more genuinely representative people of this country, those readers who care nothing for literary fashions. They are content to know that here is a writer whom they can take into their hearts, a writer who understood their own infinite variety and the infinite value of individual souls ; a writer who is their friend in loneliness ; their comforter in sorrow ; and the best of all exponents of that strange British humour which—in our darkest hours—has plucked victory out of defeat, and makes this island ultimately unconquerable.

There was never any writer who faced the grim realities of his own day with a more passionate determination to drive the wrong home. His immense and vital humour, therefore, indicates no lack of profound feeling, but merely the presence in a supreme degree of that national quality which has won our battles again and again, when apparently more sublime qualities and more exalted gifts crumpled up or cracked. The greatest of all the qualities of Dickens, however, the quality which sets him above his nearest rival in his own age—Balzac—is the quality of tenderness—simple, human kindness—the kindness which enters

with joy into simple hearts, and enjoys little cosy rooms in cottages, and can talk with those who are not equally clever, without malice and without wanting to hurt them in order to exhibit its own gifts and, indeed, can often learn from them ; the kindness that lights fires and lamps to warm and light the traveller at his wayside inn ; the kindness that is also the truest of philosophies when it draws a quiet curtain over the little lighted windows of men to exclude the homeless night, the mere physical immensity that diminishes or extinguishes their human values. For he knows that these human values out-value all that can be weighed or measured in Space and Time. And when the traveller happens to be a little tired child, the tragic suffering of Dickens himself in his early years had so enriched and deepened his own nature that he moved the heart of the English-speaking world to a deeper sense of its own responsibilities, and made it wince with the mere imagination of cruelty to the least of those who are so near to a better world than ours.

It is sometimes said that an excellent remedy for those who attach too much importance to human affairs is to go out, on a clear night, and look at those myriad points of light in the sky, most of them stars of a larger growth than our own, and possibly with far more important planets than our earth revolving round them. Astronomers tell us that one of those distant stars, which a young naval friend of mine used to call " Beetle-juice," was large enough to contain the whole of our solar system within its own circumference. The majesty of " Beetle-juice " is a little diminished, however, when it is disclosed (rather reluctantly) that it is little more than a gigantic cloud of hydrogen gas. But astronomers and men of science do sometimes use these merely physical measurements and spatial statistics not only to depress the self-importance of humanity (a very righteous process), but also to depreciate values which are not physical (and this is responsible for a great deal of wrong thinking at the present day). Our scientific progress in physical matters is used to obscure, and make us lose sight of, those real values which are not physical, values far more important to us than any physical, which until lately were guarded for mankind by the philosophia perennis of Christendom, as our common heritage.

I ask you for a moment to direct your thoughts as those scornful critics of pre-Copernican philosophy would sometimes like us to do. Think of this tenth-rate planet, as it is often called, moving round its tenth-rate star, and then direct your gaze towards the three thousand million other points of light, each of them a star, revealed by the hundred-inch telescope. How everything human appears to be diminished to nothingness by that sheer physical immensity. But have we drawn nearer, or have we moved further away from the real values of the universe ? Is it not possible that science, in these physical matters, is really playing tricks with the true focus of the mind, using —as I said—physical measurements to depreciate values that are not physical, and indeed have no parts or magnitude at all in the physical sense.

The answer, I think, may be given by letting Dickens turn the screw of our focussing apparatus the other way, to show us a clear, sharply defined picture of something very small indeed. It occurs in a speech made by Dickens for the Children's Hospital. He describes how he visited the picturesque but desperately poverty-stricken Canongate of Edinburgh.

" In a room in one of these places," he said, " where there was an empty porridge-pot on the cold hearth, with a ragged woman and some ragged children crouching on the bare ground round it, where the very light reflected from a high damp-stained and time-stained wall will come trembling in, as if the fever which had stricken everything else there had stricken even it—there lay, in an old egg-box which the mother had begged from a shop, a little, feeble, wan, sick child. With his little wasted face, and his little hot wan hands folded over his breast, and his little bright, attentive eyes, I can see him now, as I have seen him for several years, looking steadily at us. There he lay in his little frail box, which was not at all a bad emblem of the small body from which he was slowly parting—there he lay, quite quiet, quite patient, saying never a word. He seldom cried, the mother said ; he seldom complained ; ' he lay there seemin' to wonder what it was a' aboot.' God knows, I thought as I stood looking at him, he had his reasons for wondering . . .

" Many a poor child, sick and neglected, I have seen since that time, most affectionately and kindly tended by poor people, in hard circumstances, where recovery was quite impossible ; but at all such times I have seen my poor little drooping friend in his egg-box, and he has always addressed his dumb wonder to me what it meant, and why, in the name of a gracious God, such things should be."

There is not one here, I am sure, who would not feel that the real values, if there be any real values in this bewildering universe at all, were in that egg-box depicted by Dickens rather than in the physical immensities which are sometimes used to obliterate all such values. This, in a nut shell, was the gospel of Dickens ; and this, it may be added, is the central proposition on which rested the Christianity which Western Europe is rejecting. It is the gospel of the infinite value of the human soul, which cannot be weighed or measured, a value so great that Christendom, with unerring logic, as well as with the fire and passion of faith, held that the nature of the divine had been revealed in man. The whole philosophy of the Incarnation and the child in the crib at Bethlehem turns on this.

What would Dickens have said if he had encountered a world in which little children had to be fitted with gas-masks to save them from being poisoned like vermin by the civilised hands of grown men.

It was written of Voltaire that his incomparable power of covering whatever he hated with ridicule, made him an object of dread, even to the leaders of armies and the rulers of nations. Bigots and tyrants, who had never been moved by the wailing and cursing of millions, turned pale at his name.

But even that terrible intellectual weapon—the mockery of Voltaire

would have been less deadly—I think—than what the soul of Dickens would have had to say to the soul of mankind on that matter.

There is a sentence in that great speech of his about the Children's Hospital which seems to have a symbolical and perhaps a prophetic significance at this juncture. On the little beds in the hospital, he said, you may see how one little tired, flushed cheek has toppled over half the brute creation on its way into the Ark; or how one little dimpled arm has mowed down the whole tin soldiery of Europe.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

IT was unfortunate that the Spring number of *The Dickensian* had to go to press before full accounts of the various Birthday celebrations reached us, and that consequently an account of some of these functions may appear somewhat belated.

TO all branches advising him that they were celebrating the occasion, the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, Mr. S. J. Rust, sent the following message of greeting, to be read to the assembled Dickensians:

> "There never was a time when the spirit of Dickens was more necessary than now. The world needs Sanity in Statesmanship, Peace in Politics, and Love of Fellow men o'erleaping the bounds of Race, Class, and Nationality. May we, by our common love of a great humanitarian, help to foster that spirit. May God bless us, every one."

THE "Kent Messenger" deplored the fact that Rochester did nothing on that day to celebrate the great event; but we understand that what was called "A New Year's Party" was held at the Bull Hotel six days before the Birthday, when many guests appeared in character costumes. It is rather a pity that the party was not held six days later and devoted to the Birthday.

AT Blundeston Dickens Memorial School for the fifth time a boy and girl were chosen by popular vote as "David Copperfield the Fifth" and "Peggotty the Fifth." They were respectively Fred Balls and Molly Fitchett, the former receiving an engraved silver medal, the latter a pendant and chain.

AT Little Dorrit's Church in the Borough, which is appealing for restoration funds, a special service was held, Canon T. P. Stevens preaching the sermon. At St. John's Church, Leyton, on the Sunday prior to the Birthday, a special service was held for the third year in succession, Mr. Browning, the Hon. Secretary of the Branch, reading the first lesson. The Rev. Canon W. T. Brown gave an address, his theme being, "Is poverty regarded too much as a disadvantage." It is, however, unfortunate, if the report in the "Leyton Express" is to be regarded as accurate, that the Canon should have said that Dickens was apprenticed to a bootmaker; his job being to place small discs of silver paper over the tops of tins of polish and that he did this in such a novel and amusing manner that his antics attracted the

attention of his fellow workers, and his employer seeing that he could turn this to his own advantage, put this amazing youngster to "do his stuff" in the shop window, for the amusement of the passers-by. This is perversion indeed !

MANCHESTER'S tribute was a dramatic version of *A Tale of Two Cities*, adapted and produced by Mrs. Mabel Evans. It was given for four nights at the Milton Hall, and later at Handforth, was witnessed by over three thousand people. As a result, a sum of £45 was handed over to the Ancoats Hospital. We were pleased to read enthusiastic reports in the press both of the players and the production.

NOTTINGHAM celebrated the day by a dance and supper, when the majority of guests attended in Dickensian costume.

AT Eastbourne a fancy dress party was held, with games, dancing and prizes for the best dresses.

THE Mayor of Blackpool presided at the Birthday Dinner there, where again most of the guests appeared as Dickens characters and later took part in an "In Town To-night."

ONE hundred members of the Tewkesbury Branch sat down at the dinner at the "Swan," when Mr. W. Palmer, the President of the Cheltenham Branch, responded for the visitors.

AT Cheltenham, when members from the other Gloucestershire branches also attended, Mr. Palmer gave the toast of the Immortal Memory before 150 guests. The dinner was followed by a Dance, Whist and Bridge.

AT Gloucester, the toast of the evening was in the hands of Mr. Kendall Pearson. A Fancy Dress Dance followed the dinner.

MR. F. D. WARDLE, a former Town Clerk of Bath, proposed the Immortal Memory at the Bath dinner.

AT the dinner arranged by the Preston Branch, Mr. J. D. Billington, the Chairman of the Council of the Fellowship, was present, and proposed the toast of the evening. Representatives of the Blackburn and Lancaster branches were also present.

AT the Southend dinner, the Immortal Memory was proposed by an old and well-known Journalist and Editor, Sir Alfred Watson, who, in the course of a most entertaining speech, said that one of the enduring attractions of Dickens was that when one re-read the works at his time of life, they turned to them with enthusiasm and undiminished pleasure to discover new facets and fresh beauties in the familiar volumes.

THE Lancaster Branch toasted the memory of Dickens at a typically Lancashire Hot Pot Supper, which according to the "Lancaster Guardian" was one of the most successful gatherings the branch has known.

A Birthday Ball was the tribute of the Rugby Branch, attended by the Mayor and Mayoress, when the Quadrilles, Lancers, and Sir Roger were danced by Dickensian characters.

COL. W. P. DRURY gave a fine tribute to Dickens at the Dinner of the Plymouth Branch. The speech in full is printed on page 147.

FROM America come reports that at Boston the special feature of the Dinner at Parker House (where Dickens stayed) was Charles Dickens himself (our old friend Mr. Frank Hersey) introducing some of his characters ; Mr. E. F. Payne, whose Dickens character drawings are well known to our readers, was an altogether admirable Pecksniff, and some of his pen pictures adorned the front of the menu.

AT the Seattle Branch, Mr. Frank Forster proposed the toast to " The Memory of Dickens "—and here was an innovation, it was responded to by Mr. Raymond O'Connell !

IN Vancouver was another innovation—one which will have the approval of all ; in front of the top table sat the fifteen junior members of their study group ; and well they enjoyed the function we are told. Five members from the Victoria Branch were also present.

AT Brisbane the birthday was celebrated at the Canberra Hotel with Dr. Hamlyn-Harris, the President, in the Chair and proposing the toast to " The Day we Celebrate." The toast to the Dickens Fellowship was proposed by the Queensland State Treasurer, the Hon. F. A. Cooper. The President of the Shakespeare Society proposed the toast to the Brisbane Branch.

THE Rev. W. G. Martin, at the Winnipeg celebration, gave the toast of the evening, declaring that Dickens was not dead, the creatures of his brain, living people, crowded every generation.

THE New York Branch held their Dinner at the Hotel Brevoort, when Mr. John Philip Bramer, a Past President, proposed the Immortal Memory, and the newly-appointed British Consul-General, Mr. Godfrey Haggard, C.M.G., delivered an address.

THERE was a very gay assembly of Dickens characters at the Pasadena Branch Dinner, when the principal speaker, Mrs. H. D. Bentley, chose as her subject " The Boys of Dickens," and illustrated it by six typical characters in appropriate costume. A " Fashion Parade " of women characters was given as a finale.

MR. Vincent Starrett was the principal speaker at the Chicago celebration, a dinner at the House of Biggs. Mrs. Biggs, a member, arranged a special sweet, an ice in the form of a volume of *Edwin Drood*, decorated with symbols from the cover of the monthly parts, all beautifully moulded in candy.

NEWS comes from the Toronto Branch, of the death of Mrs. Rose England at the age of eighty-eight ; she had been a member for over a quarter of a century, and was a regular attendant at all their meetings. Mr. George Locke McCrea, one of the founder members of the branch, is the new President.

SOME OF THE EARLIEST COMPOSITIONS OF DICKENS

By kind permission of Count de Suzannet, we reproduce on this page and the next facsimiles of some of the earliest known literary efforts of Dickens, written in the album of Maria Beadnell in 1831. An article on the Album, with a few reproductions, appeared in *The Dickensian* for 1935, page 161.

A dim cold feeling of what he had been
Hung from him a bitter groan
He gazed and thought of them Angels who sing
Salvation
He thought of the time - the happy time -
When among them he had been
And he made casen he unfurled calme
Which plunged him in pain and sin

His feeling vanished as soon as it came
And he turned to walk away
But caught for this Album to find the name
Of her he'd soon not day;
He cast his eye swiftly on these few lines
To drive away thoughts so sad
And he said with glee "Hope worthy of me
For I see Hope' douhtful had."

Nov. 1831.

G. D.

One of three pages of a semi-humorous poem written in Maria Beadnell's Album by Dickens in November, 1831

"Lodgings to Let"

dgings here! A charming place,
Owner's such a lovely face!
Neighbours too seem very pretty
ely, sprightly, gay, and witty
all the spots that I could find
is is the place to suit my mind.

e I will say sans hesitation
place shall be my habitation
s charming spot my home shall be
ile dear "Maria" keeps the key,
settle here, no more I'll roam
t make this place my happy home.

great advantage too will be,
shall keep such good company,
good that I fear my composing
be considered very prosing
ll I'm most proud amongst these pickings
rank the humblest name. - Charles Dickens.

Dr. THE DICKENS HOUSE. — Income and Expenditure Account for the Year Ended 31st December, 1937. — Cr.

Expenditure.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Income.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To *General Expenses*—			By Annual Subscriptions		10 9 6
Printing, Stationery, Postages, and Telephone	28 14 9		,, Admission Fees		68 14 6
Caretaking and Cleaning	79 8 6		,, *Rents*—		
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses	33 12 2		No. 49 Doughty Street	262 0 0	
Bank Charges	8 7		*The Dickensian*	35 0 0	
Legal Charges	5 9 9		The Dickens Fellowship	50 0 0	
		147 13 9			347 0 0
,, General and Water Rates	71 5 6		,, *Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift*—		
,, Lighting and Heating	93 3 8		Interest on £188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock		4 14 0
,, Insurance	17 1 0		,, Profit on Sales		58 1 1
	181 10 2		,, Balance, being excess of Expenditure over Income for the year, carried to Equipment and Endowment Fund		91 6 4
Less Received from the Dickens Fellowship	15 0 0				
		166 10 2			
,, Advertising		15 8 5			
,, Interest—Mortgage	30 0 0				
Loan	10 0 0				
		40 0 0			
,, Repairs		65 4 0			
,, Salaries		130 0 0			
,, Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings		15 9 1			
		£580 5 5			£580 5 5

BALANCE SHEET as at 31st December, 1937.

Liabilities.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Assets.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mortgage on 49 Doughty Street	600 0 0		*Freehold Property* (48 *and* 49 *Doughty Street*) at cost		5108 5 2
Interest accrued thereon	7 10 0		*Furniture and Fittings* at cost, less depreciation—		
		607 10 0	As at 31st December, 1936	309 1 5	
Loan from The Dickens Fellowship	550 0 0		*Less* Depreciation	15 9 1	
Interest accrued thereon	10 0 0				293 12 4
		560 0 0	*Library and Museum* at cost—		
Sundry Creditors		117 16 11	As at 31st December, 1936	136 19 2	
Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift		102 19 9	Additions during the year	1 13 0	
Equipment and Endowment Fund—					138 12 2
As at 31st December, 1936	4568 14 9		*Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.*		
Donations	22 4 4		As certified by the Hon. Secretary		71 2 2
	4590 19 1		*Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment*—		
Less Excess of Expenditure over Income as per attached Account	91 6 4		£188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost (held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds) (Market Value 31st December, 1937, £141)		102 19 9
		4499 12 9	*Sundry Debtors and Payments in Advance*		58 17 9
Repairs Fund			*Cash at Bank*	118 11 5	
Receipts	301 9 5		*Cash on Hand*	4 0 3	
Less Expenditure to date	293 7 10				122 11 8
		8 1 7			
		£5896 1 0			£5896 1 0

THE DICKENS HOUSE

THE Balance Sheet for the year 1937 is prrinted on the opposite page; that for 1938 will be printed in the next number.

A list of Donations and Gifts for the two years is printed below:

	£	s.	d.
Miss Boquest	0	3	11
Mrs. Shaw	0	5	0
Mr. Ives	0	1	6
Christmas Party, 1937—			
Miss Burr (Fortune Telling)	2	0	0
Surprise Item	1	8	0
Miss Seex	0	1	0
Count de Suzannet	4	15	0
Miss Turner	1	0	0
Mr. J. D. Billington	7	19	6
Mr. E. W. Smith	0	2	0
Mrs. Brumfitt	1	1	0
Mr. R. E. Reed	0	4	0
Mr. Chas. W. Turner	0	10	0
Mrs. Wolfe	0	10	0
Christmas Party, 1938—			
Snevellici Bespeak	4	0	0
Miss Burr	3	9	9
Mr. W. H. Lowry's List—			
Lecture, Wallington	1	1	0
Mr. S. J. Rust's List—			
Lecture	0	10	6
Lecture, Leyton	0	10	6
Miss Minards' List—			
Lecture, Kingsbury	0	10	6
Mr. F. S. Johnson's List—			
Recital, Carshalton	1	1	0
Nottingham Branch—			
Four donations	9	11	0
Mrs. C. A. Cunnington and Friends	3	0	0
Mrs. Bloor	0	2	6
Misses I. and M. Martin (Whist Drive)	5	5	0
Victoria	1	0	7
Manchester—			
Mr. F. R. Dean	0	10	6
Mrs. Evans	0	2	6

Presented by—	*Gift.*
Count de Suzannet	60 pages original Manuscripts. 45 letters of Dickens to Georgina Hogarth. Miniature of Dickens by Janet Barrow. Copy of "The Bill of Fare."
Dr. Howard Duffield	Collection of literature relating to *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.*
Mr. W. L. Bradbury	34 letters of Dickens, with two enclosures.
Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley	Script of Broadcast Programme for Centenary of *Nicholas Nickleby.*
Mr. N. Simmonds	Notice of Dickens's Farewell Reading in Dublin, 1869.
Mr. Wm. Miller	*Oliver Twist* in Yiddish (2 vols.).
Mr. and Mrs. Bingham	Water colour, "The Girl at the Waterfall," after Maclise.
Miss Eliza L. Johnston	Photograph, Sergeant Talfourd.
Mr. M. H. Spielmann	Framed etching of The Falstaff Inn.

BOOKS, various, by Mr. John H. Fountain, Nouvelle Revue Critique, Mr. E. Allen Osborne, Polish State Forests, Mr. Gordon Strachan.

TWO PLAYS IN LONDON

THE dramatic section in London presented in April two adaptations by Miss Frances Jolly, who also produced. They were the main theme of *Great Expectations*, and the incident of the escape of Madeline Bray, from *Nicholas Nickleby*. Special mention should be made of Mr. David Smith as Pumblechook and Gride, Mr. W. Reed as Magwitch and Nicholas, Miss Moorey as Madeline, Mrs. Firth as Mrs. Gargery, and Peg Sliderskew, and Mr. Regan as Jaggers.

The standard attained by the whole company was excellent, and the large audience showed their appreciation in a very practical manner when the collection was made.

H.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

CANADA

"Lord Durham, in his celebrated Report, issued in January, 1839, drew a rather unflattering comparison between the two countries [the United States and Canada], his remarks being almost an incentive to Canadians to cross the border. . . . This unflattering contrast, however, must have been overdrawn, for Charles Dickens, who did not travel, as Lord Durham did, with a staff of twenty-two, but sauntered in and out among the people, seeing things for himself, concluded his account of a visit to the United States and Canada in 1842 with a very different picture: 'But Canada has held, and always will retain, a foremost place in my remembrance. Few Englishmen are prepared to find it what it is. Advancing quietly; old differences settling down, and being fast forgotten; public feeling and private enterprise alike in a sound and wholesome state; nothing of flush or fever in its system, but health and vigour throbbing in its steady pulse; it is full of hope and promise. To me—who had been accustomed to think of it as a something left behind in the strides of advancing society, as something neglected and forgotten, slumbering and wasting in its sleep—the demand for labour and the rate of wages; the busy quays of Montreal; the vessels taking in their cargoes, and discharging them; the amount of shipping in the different ports; the commerce, roads, and public works, all made to last; the respectability and character of the public journals; and the amount of rational comfort and happiness which honest industry may earn, were very great surprises. The steamboats on the lakes, in their conveniences, cleanliness and safety; in the gentlemanly character and bearing of their captains; and in the politeness and perfect comfort of their social regulations; are unsurpassed even by the famous Scotch vessels, deservedly so much esteemed at home.'"—"Canadian Mosaic," by J. M. Gibbon. (Dent.)

* * * * *

CHESTERTON ON CHRISTMAS

"I had invited Chesterton to talk about Dickens, because, according to Chesterton himself, there was nothing else to talk about on Christmas Day. 'Christmas and Dickens remain the only things worth talking about,' he said, 'because modern religion, philosophy, and literature have produced no substitute for either' . . .

"Christmas and Dickens and Chesterton proved a perfect combination for sheer intellectual acrobatics. 'There is no occasion, no date, no day, that has been able to do what Christmas does; and there is no writer among all the brilliant modern writers who has been able to do what Dickens did.'"—"Voice of Europe," by César Saerchinger. (Gollancz.)

* * * * *

SUICIDE

Martyrdom: "The individual may have wished to destroy himself or he may not—but if the social or reality value of his sacrifice is predominant, therein lies the evidence that the self-destructive forces were not triumphant. Charles Dickens' portrayal of Sydney Carton is thus psychologically sound for all its romantic departure from

realities and probabilities. The martyr who wholly masters his aggressions and achieves redemption does so by virtue of an ultimate, though costly, victory of love.

Organic Suicide: "Nevertheless, in studying some organic illnesses one is impressed with the strength and dominance of such a need for punishment in the individual, sometimes apparent even before the outbreak of the illness. . . . In Dickens' *Little Dorrit* there is a good illustration of the novelist's intuitive perception of this principle. Mrs. Clennam, who by the misdeeds of her past life had brought about Mr. Dorrit's long confinement in the debtor's prison, is now herself a helpless invalid unable to stir from her room. 'A swift thought shot into his [Mr. Clennam's] mind. In that long imprisonment here, and in her own long confinement to her room, did his mother find a balance to be struck?' 'I admit that I was accessory to this man's captivity. I have suffered for it in kind. He has decayed in his prison; I in mine. I have paid the penalty.'"—"Man Against Himself," by K. A. Menninger. (Harrap.)

* * * * *

COCKNEY

"The Cockney dialogue in Dickens's works is too familiar to need much discussion. Although there is no indication in any of the other works on Cockney that Sam Weller's favourite type of simile, 'as the . . . said, when he . . .' was a habit of the Cockney or that Cockney women were so constantly lone and lorn as some of Dickens's ladies, the Cockney speech used in his novels exhibits exactly the same features as those discussed by the critics of Cockney and employed in other literary works. He does not appear to have made any special study of the dialect or to have tried to break from the well-established conventions. But his command of Cockney idiom was certain.

"The great difference between the pronunciations indicated by Dickens and modern novelists has given rise to an idea that Cockneys used to speak 'good' English, vitiated only by a few comic mannerisms like w for v and v for w. On the other hand, the diphthongs and vowels which are now characteristic of Cockney are alleged to be recent barbarisms. Some German scholars have even formulated a great Cockney Sound-Shift which is supposed to have taken place about 1880! But, as we shall show later, there are strong reasons for believing that Dickens is not an infallible guide and that the Cockney Sound-Shift should be shifted."—"Cockney, Past and Present," by W. Matthews. (Routledge.)

* * * * *

SPURRING MEN ON

"Years ago, a young man in London aspired to be a writer. But everything seemed to be against him. He had never been able to attend school more than four years. His father had been flung in jail because he couldn't pay his debts, and this young man often knew the pangs of hunger. Finally, he got a job pasting labels on bottles of blacking in a rat-infested warehouse; and he slept at night in a dismal attic room . . . He had so little confidence in his ability to write that he sneaked out and mailed his first manuscript in the dead of night so nobody would laugh at him. . . . True, he wasn't paid a shilling for it, but one editor had praised him. One editor had given him recognition. He was so thrilled that he wandered aimlessly around the streets with tears rolling down his cheeks.

"The praise, the recognition, that he received by getting one story in print, changed his whole career, for if it hadn't been for that encouragement, he might have spent his entire life working in rat-infested factories. You may have heard of that boy, too. His name was Charles Dickens."—"How to Win Friends and Influence People," by Dale Carnegie. (Simon and Scuster.)

* * * * *

FACTORY LAW

"The history of one hundred years of factory legislation has not been without its lessons for posterity: that it is useless for Parliament to make laws unless there is also an inspectorate to see that they are enforced; that, as some industrial dangers and diseases are overcome, continual vigilance is needed to guard against others which change and progress will bring in their train; that, before new legislation can be passed, progressive employers must have led the way in showing what was possible and desirable . . . and finally, that prophesies of disaster that will result from such legislation must not be taken too seriously, for, as Charles Dickens wrote in *Hard Times* of the millers of Coketown, 'They were ruined when they were required to send labouring children to school; they were ruined when inspectors were appointed to look into their works; they were ruined when such inspectors considered it doubtful whether they were quite justified in chopping people up with their machinery; they were utterly undone when it was hinted that perhaps they need not always make quite so much smoke.'"—"Factory Law," by C. D. Rackham. (Nelson.)

* * * * *

AMERICAN LABOUR CONDITIONS

"Later the children were replaced by grown girls. In the Lowell factories where the Almy and Brown philosophy was carried on, these girls lived under amazingly happy conditions as one of them testified in her book, 'An Idyl of Work,' and as Dickens testified in his *American Notes*: 'They were all well-dressed . . . and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. . . . They were healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manners and deportment of young women: not of degraded brutes of burden . . . The rooms in which they worked were as well ordered as themselves. I solemnly declare, that from all the crowd I saw . . . I cannot recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impression, not one young girl whom, assuming it to be a matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labour of her hands, I would have removed from those works if I had had the power.' Dickens wrote this in 1842, so we see the Almy and Brown tradition lasted at least half a century in New England."—"March of the Iron Men," by Roger Burlingame. (Scribner's.)

* * * * *

CINCINNATI

"Even Charles Dickens admits that the Athens of the wilds was a pretty place. One of his two or three good words for America is for Cincinnati: 'Cincinnati is only fifty years old, but it is a beautiful city. I think the prettiest place I have seen here except Boston. It has risen out of the forest like an Arabian Nights city, is well laid out, ornamented in the suburbs with pretty villas, and above all, for this is a very rare feature in America, has smooth turf plots and well-kept gardens.'"—"American Saga," by M. B. Greenbie. (McGraw-Hill.)

DICKENS'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*

A COPY of the book used in the office of *Household Words* to record the names of the contributors to each weekly part was recently purchased by *The Dickensian* and presented to The Dickens House. It was this book (the original, we believe, is now in America) which enabled B. W. Matz to identify many articles as the work of Dickens. These he incorporated into the two volumes of *Miscellaneous Papers*. As Matz explained in his introduction to this work, there were several articles recorded as having been written by Dickens in conjunction with other writers, and these he did not reprint. In order to place on record, work of which Dickens was only part author, we append a list herewith. The articles marked with an asterisk were included by Wills in his volume "Old Leaves," published in 1860, with acknowledgements to "the other hand whose masterly touches gave to the Old Leaves here freshly gathered their brightest tints."

Date.	*Joint Author with Dickens.*	*Title of Article.*
1850.		
Mar. 30th	W. H. Wills	Valentine's Day at the Post Office.*
,, 30th	Mrs. Chisholm	Emigrants' Letters.
May 4th	W. H. Wills	The Heart of Mid-London.*
June 1st	W. H. Wills	A Popular Delusion.*
July 6th	W. H. Wills	The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.*
Aug. 31st	Mark Lemon	A Paper Mill.
Sept. 21st	W. H. Wills and Eustace Murray	Foreigners, Englishmen.
,, 21st	W. H. Wills	Bank Forgeries, Chap. II.
,, 28th	W. H. Wills	The Doom of English Wills.
Oct. 5th	W. H. Wills	The Doom of English Wills, II.
Dec. 21st	Dr. Cormack	Christmas in the Frozen Regions.
,, 28th	Henry Morley	Mr. Bendigo Buster.
1851.		
Feb. 1st	W. H. Wills	Plate Glass.*
Mar. 8th	Hon. Miss Boyle	My Mahogany Friends.
April 4th	W. H. Wills	Spitalfields.*
,, 4th	W. H. Wills	Chip. Small Beginnings.
,, 12th	W. H. Wills and E. Murray	Common Sense on Wheels.
,, 26th	W. H. Wills	The London Protectives.*
May 10th	R.H.H.	Cain in the Fields.
,, 31st	Henry Morley	The Wind and the Rain.
June 7th	W. H. Wills	Epsom.*
,, 21st	Charles Knight	Tresses of the Day Star.
July 5th	R. H. Horne	Great Exhibition and Little One.
Sept. 6th	R. H. Horne	One Man in a Dockyard.
Oct. 4th	R. H. Horne	Shakespeare and Newgate.
Nov. 15th	Henry Morley	A Free (and Easy) School.
,, 22nd	E. Murray and Henry Morley	A Black Eagle in a Bad Way.
Dec. 6th	W. H. Wills	My Uncle.*

Date.	*Joint Author with Dickens.*	*Title of Article.*
1852.		
Jan. 17th	W. H. Wills	A Curious Dance.*
Mar. 20th	W. H. Wills	Post Office Money Orders.*
April 3rd	Henry Morley	Drooping Buds.
,, 24th	W. H. Wills	A Plated Article.*
May 15th	G. A. Sala.	First Fruits.
Sept. 11th	Henry Morley	Boys to Mend.
,, 18th	Henry Morley	North American Slavery.
Nov. 13th	Henry Morley	Discovery of a Treasure.
1853.		
Mar. 19th	W. H. Wills	Received, a Blank Child.*
April 16th	Henry Morley	Household Words.
May 14th	Henry Morley and W. H. Wills	In and Out of Jail.
June 4th	W. H. Wills	Idiots.*
1854.		
Jan. 7th	Eustace Murray	On Her Majesty's Service.
Aug. 26th	Miss Berwick	Hidden Light.
Dec. 23rd	Dr. Rae	The Lost Arctic Voyagers.
1857.		
June 27th	Miss Lynn	Duelling in France.
1858.		
Oct. 9th	Wilkie Collins	A Clause for the New Reform Bill.
Dec. 18th	Wilkie Collins	Dr. Dulcamara, M.P.

PORTSMOUTH'S "DICKENS WEEK" SUCCESSFULLY LAUNCHED

The Dickens Festival Week was inaugurated at Portsmouth on Friday, April 28th, by a Dinner at the Guildhall, Portsmouth, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth. The Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon was among the guests.

Mr. Alfred Noyes proposed the Immortal Memory in an eloquent and moving address (see page 189). The Dickens Fellowship was officially represented by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. S. J. Rust, and officials of the Portsmouth Branch. On the following day Mr. Rust again appeared as Mr. Pickwick on the Coach which drove in from Havant and was received at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor. During the week Mr. Ralph Straus addressed the Post-war Brotherhood on "Dickens, the Man;" the Dickensian Tabard Players presented *A Tale of Two Cities* at the South Parade Pier, and local players acted "The Pickwickians," adapted by Mr. Cooper Sands. Mr. Bransby Williams gave some of his masterly and inimitable Dickensian character studies. The Dickens Ball and the Carnival Dance were among the other features provided for the Dickens Week, and it is thought that the inauguration has fully established the Dickens Week as a permanent annual feature of Portsmouth and Southsea.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

DICKENS'S READINGS AT PORTSMOUTH

By WALTER PINE

DICKENS appears to have paid only three visits to his native town of Portsmouth after being taken away by his parents while still an infant. Once, so it is said, he went back for the purpose of picking up local colour when *Nicholas Nickleby* was on the stocks, to use a phrase well known in this dockyard and warship-building town. The result of this visit was to give *vraisemblance* to his vivid account of how Nicholas and Smike fared while serving as members of Mr. Vincent Crummles's Company at the old theatre in High Street, which has long since disappeared. Portsmouth has two theatres nowadays—theatre in name, but one of them has become a picture-house wholly and the other mainly. The second and third visits to Portsmouth paid in adult life were for the purpose of giving public readings, as they were called—they were actually recitals—from his works. The first of these visits was on 11th November, 1858; the second on 24th and 25th May, 1866. Both appearances were at St. George's Hall, Portsea, at that time the principal home of general public entertainment in the town. It stood just across the road from St. George's Church, a barn-like structure where Sir Walter Besant as a boy attended worship, and of which he wrote in his romance "By Celia's Arbour." Seven minutes' walk from St. George's Hall stands the house in High Street, Old Portsmouth, where George Meredith was born.

Dickens had many ardent admirers in Portsmouth by the time he came to give his readings there, and his audiences appear to have been large and enthusiastic. On the occasion of the 1858 visit he made two appearances on the one day, giving *A Christmas Carol* in the afternoon and *The Poor Traveller*, *Boots at the Holly Tree Inn*, and *Mrs. Gamp* in the evening. Quite other programmes were provided for the 1866 readings, which were given on two consecutive evenings. The first evening was taken up with *Doctor Marigold* and *Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party*; the second with *David Copperfield* and *The Trial from "Pickwick."* It seems as if Dickens's increasing fame sent the prices of admission up somewhat for the second visit. An advertisement shows that the charge for admission to the stalls had risen from 4*s.* in 1858 to 5*s.*, and the balcony seats from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* But a shilling would still secure the two hours' delight for a humble patron.

The local papers, in their reports of the two sets of readings, make no mention of a chairman. Dickens needed no introduction, and was a host in himself—an entire dramatic company, in fact. Among the audience at the presentation of *A Christmas Carol* was the father of the present writer. Like all who went, he was greatly impressed. Long years afterwards he was wont to relate how Dickens acted rather than read the compelling story. True, he stood at the desk with the book in front of him, and turned the leaves over at what appeared to be the right places; but never once did he appear to be reading.

The changes of voice and of facial expression were extraordinary, and in particular the blood-curdling and yet almost loving way in which the name of "Scr-ooge" was pronounced—long-drawn-out and with tremendous emphasis—was an abiding memory.

A reference to the files of one Portsmouth paper which reported the 1858 readings leads to disappointment. Pressure on space, brought about mainly by long reports of a meeting of the local town council and of a naval court-martial, plus an abundance of sporting notes, was given as a plea for cutting down to a paragraph of less than thirty lines an account of Dickens's two programmes. Even this paragraph contrived to be at once a little disparaging and a little patronising:

> "Dickens does not pretend to be a great rhetorician, therefore those who expected to hear something extraordinary in the reading were, perhaps, disappointed, but those whose expectations were more reasonable were amply satisfied. Though Dickens is not a rhetorician, he is a writer who delights to draw out and to develop characters, and no one knows so well as he does how, in reading, to present his own creations in all their peculiarities and eccentricities. Who, for instance, could give that life, that genuineness, that reality to 'Boots' as he did on Thursday evening? How his shrewd simplicity and his tender-hearted kindness were brought out, and how clearly was every lineament in his character depicted. Then that malformation, Mrs. Gamp; so cleverly was the scene in the sick room laid out that the restless tossings and incoherent wanderings of the fever-striken patient appeared almost to be real, and one was ready to detest what seemed to be the inhumanity of laughing at the oddities of the infamous nurse, who cared not how the sufferer fared so long as she was comfortable and free from care."

The same paper gave a longer and more appreciative report of the readings in 1866:

> "The numerous and highly respectable audiences which greeted Mr. Dickens gave abundant evidence, if such were necessary, to the popularity and esteem in which the most genial English writer of the day is held. . . . Mr. Dickens so thoroughly identifies himself with the 'Doctor,' is so excellent an actor, and so independent of books (which, though before him, are rarely referred to) that it is quite possible at times to imagine oneself in the presence of a real Cheap Jack offering his wares and endeavouring to obtain buyers at a country fair. But if Mr. Dickens was successful in the humorous and funny, much more so was he in the pathetic and touching. In that portion of the tale when, with his dearly-loved dying child clasped to his breast, comforting her with tender and affectionate words, and although almost heart-broken with apprehension, endeavouring to put on his 'Cheap Jack' face and manner to a gaping crowd, and when finally the patient, gentle creature dies in his arms, and the bereaved father lays the poor dead innocent before the mother who has caused it so much pain, and in his great agony utters his first and only unkind speech, there were few dry eyes amongst the fair portion of the audience, and the deep silence fully testified to the vivid and lifelike manner in which the scene had been placed before them.

"*Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party*, selected for the second reading of the evening, was very well chosen, and it sent the hearers away laughing—a most desirable proceeding. Here Mr. Dickens's histrionic powers had full scope. His change of face, manner, and tone of voice from Mr. Bob Sawyer to Mr. Ben Allen, to the stupid handmaid, the irascible landlady, the facetious Jack Hopkins (cool relator of horrible anecdotes), and the astonished but amiable Mr. Pickwick, was admirably accomplished and intensely amusing. . . . The rather abrupt and unfortunate, though laughable, termination of the supper party brought the evening's entertainment to a close, and left the audience scarcely knowing which to admire most, the great and eminent novelist or the clever reciter."

There was a footnote to this report. It almost appears as if the reporter had just discovered that Dickens was Portsmouth-born and wanted to spread the glad news :

"Some of our readers may not be acquainted with the fact that Mr. Dickens is a native of our town, and that his early days were passed here. As the greatest novelist of his day, and as one who has laboured long and earnestly in his profession, not to merely amuse and gratify his readers, but to instruct and direct them, he has been wonderfully successful and done an immense amount of good. We wish him God-speed, and trust he may long be spared to add dignity to his profession and to elevate, to teach, and to please all classes of men."

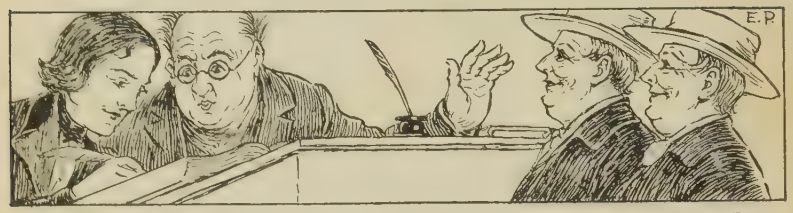
AT THE PORTSMOUTH DICKENS FESTIVAL

The Ven. Archdeacon Weekes, preaching at Portsmouth Cathedral, said that without Dickens the statesmen of the time could never have aroused public opinion to sweep away much of the wrongs that beset the country, and if Dickens were alive to-day he could render similar service. He might attack the slaughter on the roads, the problems of unemployment, the tyranny of the machine, and the other things which needed reforming. Mr. Ralph Straus, in an address at the Brotherhood, said that Dickens did not use the House of Commons as a medium of social betterment. He found a new weapon in killing wrong by sheer ridicule, and daring to make people laugh at evil in its various guises. He preached the gospel of kindness, and it was largely due to his two letters to "The Times" that hanging in public was abolished.

"WALTER WILDING'S LAST CONCERT"

A musical and dramatical entertainment, arranged by Miss N. Cole under the above title, based on *No Thoroughfare*, by Mr. Ronald E. Rigg—who was responsible for the book of the Rochester Pageant a few years ago—was successfully produced by the Rochester branch in April last. It realised £10 2*s.* 6*d.* for the Dickens Cot Fund. The whole idea is excellent and we feel sure that other branches would like to have an opportunity of producing it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Drawn by] [*Ed. F. Payne*

ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND

I have read the very interesting account of Charles Dickens's association with the General Theatrical Fund in the current number of *The Dickensian*. There is, however, a serious error made in stating that the Fund was started in 1846. It is true that that was the first Annual Festival, and that Dickens presided on the occasion. The Fund was founded in 1839 by a Committee of twenty-three actors—none of them of very great note, although many of them were popular and fairly well known in their day, including, for example, Messrs. Sheridan Knowles, Vandenhoff, Elton, and Vining.

The preface to the first handbook, which lies before me, starts with the words :

> "The want of an Institution that should give to the great body of Actors the means of averting the combined evils of age and poverty has long been severely felt : that want the present Association is intended to supply."

It was an avowed imitation of the well-known existing Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatre Funds which were what is known as contributory funds but which by appealing to the charitable public were enabled to increase the economic value of the annuities very considerably. Unfortunately the early records of our Association have been lost or destroyed. All we know is that quite early in its existence it was fortunate in attracting the notice of Charles Dickens, who on Monday, the 6th April, 1846, took the Chair at the first Dinner celebrating the Seventh Anniversary. It was held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, and there were a magnificent list of Vice-Presidents and Stewards, including two Dukes and a fine sprinkling of nobility and gentry. At that time Charles Dickens had not apparently accepted the position of Trustee, as the two Trustees named in the announcement of the Dinner are B. B. Cabbell, Esq., F.R.S., and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, F.R.S.

Among the other names I find those of George Cruikshank, John Forster, T. P. Cooke, and many other well-known theatrical celebrities. The musical arrangements were under the direction of J. L. Hatton, and a very fine programme was evidently performed. The Secretary of the Association at the time was Mr. Cullenford of the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, and he occupied the position for a number of years. In 1853 a Royal Charter was granted, and in that Charter Charles Dickens appears as a Trustee together with Messrs. Cabbell and Talfourd.

We celebrated the Centenary of the Fund this year by a Thanksgiving Service at St. Martins-in-the-Fields on May 9th, at which Mr. John

Gielgud read the Lesson, and the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered an address.

On the 14th May the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress gave a Reception at the Mansion House. Other preparations are in hand, and I welcome this opportunity of bringing the matter before the members of the Dickens Fellowship in order that they may realise that an institution in which Dickens took so great and practical an interest has survived in a flourishing condition to the present day.

I hope you will allow me to add that any practical assistance Dickensians care to afford will be gladly welcomed by

12 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2. H. Saxe Wyndham, *Secretary.*

ON INTRODUCING ONESELF TO DICKENS

My first introduction to Dickens was when—as a little chap—I heard my father read, each Christmas, *A Christmas Carol.* When I became a reader of Dickens myself I find the order was—*David Copperfield, Pickwick, Martin Chuzzlewit* (I count Mrs. Harris as one of my dearest friends), *Bleak House,* and then, the greatest novel that Dickens ever wrote—*A Tale of Two Cities.*

But something was lacking ; and so I set myself the task of browsing in Forster's great " Life." This I followed with an intensive study of Dickens's works, and the additional light cast on Dickens's magic word has been to me one of life's greatest joys. Let a reader adopt such a course, and he will constantly be discovering fresh riches.

Lancaster. W. A. Millington.

" GORMED "

Concerning the enquiry in the Spring *Dickensian* about the origin of Mr. Peggotty's expression, " I'll be gormed ! " reference to Mr. Eric Partridge's " Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English " (1937) will disclose it to be a fairly modern colloquial variant of the oath to be " god-damned," thus dispelling the fascinating theory quoted by Mr. Ley's correspondent attributing the expression to surviving recollection in East Anglia of the predatory exploits of one Gorm, a Viking, concerning which it may perhaps not be irrelevant to mention the epithet " Ickenny," *i.e.* Iceni, which is still in current use in certain rural areas on the Norfolk/Suffolk border to denote strangers, in the sense in which the term " furriners " is generally employed in most of our southern counties.

Hailsham. L. R. B. White.

I do not think that this expression can have any reference to Gorm " the Viking," as that monarch reigned early in the 10th century (died in 936). Sweeper " Forkbeard," who invaded England in 1013 and whose name is remembered by Swanscombe in Kent, was Gorm's grandson, and it seems quite probable that the countryfolk in East Anglia may never have heard of Gorm's name.

T. W. Hill.

We have also to thank Mr. William Crosby Bennett (Hollywood) for his letter. He makes the suggestion that " gormed " was a contraction of " gormandized " ; but in our opinion the Dictionary's explanation is the correct one.—Editor.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

ONLY the Antipodean branches have regular meetings during the months of June-August, and it is to be regretted that only two branches have sent us their complete syllabuses to enable us to record these meetings.

BRISBANE (2nd Floor, National Mutual Building, Queen Street).
June 2—Card Party.
16—Lecture by Mr. F. T. Cross.
July 7—"Some Character Studies in *David Copperfield*," by Mr. E. C. D. Ringrose, B.A.
21—Dramatic Evening arranged by Mr. Len Guyatt.
Aug. 4—"Fun and Drollery in Dickens," by Mr. A. L. Bennett, B.A.
18—Dramatic Evening arranged by Miss Barbara Sisley.

CHRISTCHURCH.
June 3—Study Group, *Nicholas Nickleby*, Ch. 14-26.
July 1—Ten-minute Papers by Members.
Aug. 5—Lecture on Charles Dickens.

The following home branches announce rambles during the summer months:

HACKNEY.
June 10—Visit to Fulham Palace.

LONDON.
June 24—By motor-coach to the homes of Darwin and Dickens, conducted by Mr. A. W. Edwards.
July 15—Ramble to Ham and Petersham, conducted by Mr. J. D. Billington.

ROCHESTER.
June 21, July 19, August 16—Excursions by motor-coach.

ST. PANCRAS.
June 10—Ramble to Fulham Palace.
July 8—Ramble to General Post Office.
Aug. 12—Ramble to Sir John Soane Museum.

As the majority of branches commence their season in September or October, the Editor will be glad to receive particulars of the meetings in advance of the printed syllabus in order to include them in the next number to be published on the first of September. Such information should reach him not later than the 15th August.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

"Charles Dickens To-day," by Guy Boas. *Blackwood's Magazine*, March.

"Mysteries in Dickens," by W.C.B. *Birmingham Post*, 15th March.

"Mr. Pickwick is Coming to Portsmouth," illustrated. *Portsmouth Evening News*, 27th April.

"Bardell v. Pickwick," in verse, by John Butcher, *Rugby Advertiser*, 14th April.

"A Century of Pedagogues," by Ivor Brown, *Manchester Guardian*, 20th January.

"Law in Literature," by Leonard J. Curtis. *The Docket* (St. Paul, Minn.), Winter 1938-39.

"Great Writers, II. Dickens," by Wray Hart, Illustrated. *The Schoolmaster*, 11th May.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

HEADQUARTERS: 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Hon. Secretary: S. J. RUST.

Telephone—Holborn **9363.**

LONDON AND DISTRICT.

BALHAM (No. 93).—Miss E. M. DAVIES, 75 Honeybrook Road, S.W.12.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON (No. 65).—J. H. MCNULTY, 22 Kenninghall Road, E.5.

LEYTON (No. 90).—A. BROWNING, 74 Warren Road, Leyton, E.10.

ST. PANCRAS (No. 76).—Mrs. NEWCOMBE, 24 Mornington Terrace, N.W.1.

DICKENSIAN TABARD PLAYERS (No. 101).—Miss ROSE LITWACK, The Albert Institute, Chancel Street, S.E.1.

UNITED KINGDOM.

BATH (No. 81).—W. W. BELL, 7 New Bond Street.

BEDFORD (No. 79).—Miss R. A. YOUNG, 37 Chaucer Road.

BIRMINGHAM (No. 19).—H. W. J. GREEN, 88 Gillott Road, Edgbaston.

BLACKBURN (No. 107).—LEO. MASON, 124 Preston New Road.

BLACKPOOL (No. 92).—Mrs. EDITH M. GREAVES, 28 Beech Avenue.

BRIGHTON (No. 21).—S. HUMPHRYS, 30 Derek Avenue, Hove, 3.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. 124).—A. SINCOCK, 1 Dongola Avenue, Horfield, Bristol.

BROADSTAIRS (No. 130).—Capt. M. C. ROBSON, 54 Pierremont Avenue.

BROMLEY (No. 98).—Mrs. BANNISTER, 72 Freelands Road.

CANTERBURY (No. 102).—LEONARD BUTCHER, Royal Museum, High Street.

CHELTENHAM (No. 63).—Miss C. DALLIMORE, "Wrendlebury," Kensington Avenue.

CIRENCESTER (No. 109).—H. C. LEACH, 11 Ashcroft Villas.

EASTBOURNE (No. 75).—Mrs. SIMPSON, 4 Gore Park Avenue.

EDINBURGH (No. 3).—Miss K. H. JOHNSTON, 13 Queen's Bay Crescent, Joppa.

GLOUCESTER (No. 40).—F. G. GRIMES, "Ashington," 22 Merevale Road.

HATFIELD (No. 62).—Miss W. BUTTERFIELD, 7 Glebelands.

HULL (No. 34).—Mrs. MAUD W. CAWSON, 70 Prince's Avenue.

LANCASTER (No. 125).—W. A. MILLINGTON, 41 Derwent Road.

LITTLEBOURNE (No. 122).—ALBERT COOLE, Court Lodge.

LIVERPOOL (No. 5).—Miss I. V. HOWES, 27 Curzon Road, Prenton, Birkenhead.

MANCHESTER (No. 4).—HARRY E. EVANS, Oakdene, Manchester Road, Wilmslow.

NOTTINGHAM (No. 9).—ALEXANDER WILSON, 45 Burton Street.

PLYMOUTH (No. 46).—Miss VERA COCKS, 31 Mt. Gold Road, Lipson.

PORTSMOUTH (No. 6).—G. J. WINN, 71 Somers Road, Southsea.

PRESTON (No. 123).—Mrs. J. A. WOOD, 2 Beech Drive, Broughton.

REDDITCH (No. 56).—Mrs. A. M. HUGHES, "Del-Mont," Worcester Road.

ROCHESTER (No. 13).—LOUIS COBB, 49 St. Margaret's.

RUGBY (No. 111).—F. J. HUDSON, 247 Clifton Road.

SHEFFIELD (No. 23).—Miss ROSA GRAY, 63 Dodd Street, Hillsborough.

SHREWSBURY (No. 14).—Mrs. BENTLEY, Rose Villa, Percy Street, Greenfields.

SOUTHAMPTON (No. 26).—Mrs. A. G. HARRISON, 7 Westrow Gardens.

SOUTHEND AND DISTRICT (No. 54).—AUSTIN NOXON, "Southwold," Daws Heath, Thundersley, Essex.

TEWKESBURY (No. 74).—Mrs. M. CROSSMAN, 140 High Street.

WELLINGBOROUGH (No. 114).—Mrs. C. E. GROOME, Ridgmont, Earls Barton, Northampton.

WHITSTABLE AND TANKERTON (No. 116).—Miss G. BEVAN DAVIES, "Geralda," Graystone Road, Tankerton.

WOODVILLE AND DISTRICT (No. 94).—R. FANSHAWE, Hatherley, Ashby Road, Woodville.

AUSTRALIA.

ADELAIDE (No. 127).—H. J. ALLISON, Heatherleigh, Flat 4, Broadway, Glenelg.

BRISBANE (No. 83).—Miss IDA PILCHER, 20 Markwell Street, Auchenflower, S.W.1.

MELBOURNE (No. 24).—Miss MCMEEKIN, 91 McKeen Street, Clifton Hill.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.) (No. 64).—Mrs. V. E. FETHERSTON, 26 Holborrow Street, Croydon, Sydney.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND (No. 99).—Miss FREDA ROBINSON, 396 Mount Eden Road, S.1.

CHRISTCHURCH (No. 117).—Miss G. K. JARMAN, 31 Totara Road, W.1.

WELLINGTON (No. 121).—Mrs. CRUTTENDEN, 26A Clifton Terrace.

CANADA.

EDMONTON (Alberta) (No. 100).—J. HOLMES, 12620 73rd Street.

HAMILTON (Ont.) (No. 47).—F. G. MILLAR, 24 Stinson Street.

MONTREAL (Que.) (No. 52).—Miss W. PARKER, 810 Upper Belmont, Westmount.

TORONTO (Ont.) (No. 32).—Mrs. E. L. SCHATZ, 443 Donlands Avenue.

VANCOUVER (B.C.) (No. 84).—VICTOR ACKROYD, 2905 W. 8th Avenue.

VICTORIA (B.C.) (No. 113).—Mrs. N. R. KENNEDY, 3033 Cedar Hill Road.

WINNIPEG (Manitoba) (No. 25).—J. M. HEADLAM, Ste. 3, Mount Royal Apartments.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BETHLEHEM (Pa.) (No. 51).—Miss MARY A. TRANSUE, 60 East Broad Street.

BOSTON (Mass.) (No. 73).—Mrs. HARRY LEE BAGLEY, 141 Milk Street, Room 852.

CALIFORNIA PICKWICK CLUB (No. 131).—Mrs. E. C. SIBLEY, 2732 McConnell Drive, Los Angeles.

CHESTER (Pa.) (No. 22).—Miss FLORENCE WILLIAMS, 920 Parker Street.

CHICAGO (Ill.) (No. 33).—Miss M. SAMSON, 1535 E. 60th Street.

EAST BAY, BERKELEY (Cal.) (No. 95).—Mrs. NAAS, Leamington Hotel, Oakland.

EVERETT (Wash.) (No. 82).—Mrs. L. B. HUNT, 1422 Rucker Avenue.

HONOLULU (Hawaii) (No. 115).—Mrs. JOHN A. HAMILTON, 3162 Alika Avenue, Honolulu.

HOLLYWOOD (Cal.) (No. 128).—Miss H. CALDWELL, 321 S. Van Ness Avenue, Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) (No. 89).—Miss IDA M. MOORE, 6106 Del Valle Drive.

MADISON (Wis.) (No. 103).—Mrs. ARTHUR MILLER VINJE, 120 Franklin Avenue.

MARINETTE (Wis.) (No. 108).—Mrs. A. C. POPE, 339 State Street.

NEW YORK CITY (N.Y.) (No. 29).—Miss JEAN HOWLETT, 370 Central Park West.

PALOS VERDES (Cal.) (No. 129).—Mrs. C. J. TREMAINE, 577 Via del Monte, Palos Verdes Estates.

PASADENA (Cal.) (No. 87).—ALFRED W. STONE, 512 Eldora Road.

PHILADELPHIA (Pa.) (No. 41).—J. K. THOMPSON, 333 Saunders Avenue.

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) (No. 97).—Mrs. F. W. FAIRMAN, 1167 King Avenue.

SEATTLE (Wash.) (No. 126).—Miss CONSTANCE B. HATTON, 10758 3rd Avenue, N.W.

SIERRA MADRE (Cal.) (No. 60).—Mrs. TARR, 274 W. Montecito Avenue.

WORCESTER (Mass.) (No. 119).—AYLMER B. PAISLEY, 7 Laconia Road.

DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN (No. 105).—SVEND AGGERHOLM P. Rørdamsvej 24.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

FOUNDED OCTOBER 6TH, 1902.

President, 1937-39:

The Rt. Hon. LORD HEWART OF BURY
(Lord Chief Justice of England)

Past Presidents:

SIR HENRY F. DICKENS, K.C.
PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.
ARTHUR WAUGH.
Sir LUKE FILDES, R.A.
J. CUMING WALTERS, M.A.
W. PETT RIDGE.
B. W. MATZ.
GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.
Sir FREDERICK MACMILLAN.
KATE PERUGINI.
Sir WALTER LAWRENCE, BT., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B.
Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.
LORD WAKEFIELD OF HYTHE.
Sir ALFRED ROBBINS, KT., F.J.I.
HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.
ALFRED NOYES, C.B.E., LL.D., LITT.D.
Sir STEPHEN KILLIK, G.B.E., G.C.V.O.

Vice-Presidents:

The Rt. Hon. Earl Baldwin of Bewdley.

Lady Dickens.
Mrs. R. C. Shuckburgh (Miss Olive Dickens).
Mrs. A. Waley (Miss Elaine Dickens).
Miss Mary Angela Dickens.
Dame Sybil Thorndike.
Ian Hay Beith.
Sir Buckston Browne, F.S.A., F.R.C.S.
G. B. Burgin.
A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C.
Ridgwell Cullum.
Bernard Darwin, C.B.E.
Walter Dexter.
John C. Eckel.
Robert Hichens.
Prof. W. S. Holdsworth, K.C.
W. W. Jacobs.
Coulson Kernahan.
J. W. T. Ley.
Sir J. Martin-Harvey.
William Miles.
Arthur Morrison.
J. B. Priestley.
Sir C. Grant Robertson.
M. H. Spielmann.
A. E. S. Smythe.
Sir John C. Squire.
Ralph Straus.
Count de Suzannet.
Sir Hugh Walpole.
H. G. Wells.
Bransby Williams.
H. Saxe Wyndham.

Hon. Secretary: S. J. RUST.

Hon. Treasurer: T. W. HILL.

Hon. Editor of "The Dickensian": WALTER DEXTER.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IS OPEN TO ALL.

In London, the Headquarters arranges an attractive programme of Lectures, Recitals, Exhibitions and Dinners during the winter months, and Pilgrimages to places connected with Dickens during the summer.

The subscription for Fellows attached to Headquarters is half-a-guinea per annum, including *The Dickensian* post free; for second and subsequent members of the same family living in the same house the Annual Subscription is seven shillings and sixpence, but does not include a copy of the magazine. Life Subscription: Five guineas.

Branches fix their own subscriptions. A List of Branches is printed on the inside cover.

Headquarters:
THE DICKENS HOUSE
48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C. 1
Telephone: Holborn 9363

HULL AND LONDON: PRINTED BY A. BROWN AND SONS, LIMITED